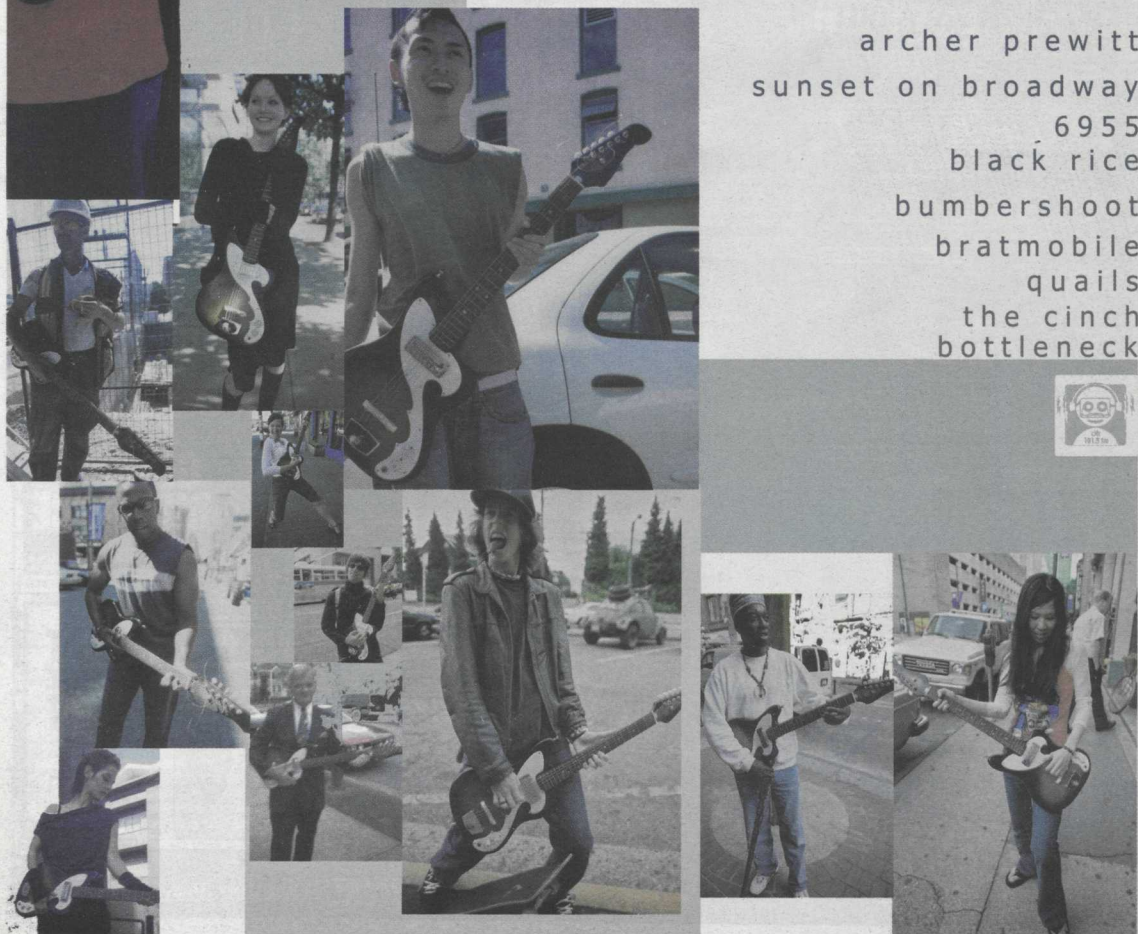




discorder

august 2002 - that magazine from citr 101.9 fm

archer prewitt
sunset on broadway
6955
black rice
bumbershoot
bratmobile
quails
the cinch
bottleneck



discorder

ISSUE 232 • AUGUST 2002 • THAT IMAGINARY MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



Features

Under the Volcano p.7
Sunset on Broadway by Brian Disagree p.10
Black Rice by Erika Jane p.11
6955 by Paul Loughlean p.12
The Quills by Duncan p.13
The Cinch by Ben Lai p.14
Bottleneck by Val Cormier p.15
Archer Prewitt by Nic Bragg p.16
Bratmobile by Chris Eng p.18
Bumbershoot by Val Cormier p.20

Regulars

Vancouver Special p.4
Fucking Bullshit p.4
Strut, Frat & Flicker p.5
Panarific p.6
Radio Free Press p.7
Kill Your Boyfriend p.9
Over My Shoulder p.21
Under Review p.21
7" p.23
Real Live Action p.24
Charts p.27
On the Dial p.28

Cover

Everyone in Vancouver is a rock star. If they only knew that they all had the same guitar. Lori Kiessling and Paul Loughlean dragged unsuspecting people off the streets and onto the cover. Photographs and design by Lori and Paul. www.pulite.org.

outgoing editrix:

Slug Bail

incoming editor:

Chris Eng

ad rep:

Steve DiPo

art director:

Lori Kiessling

production manager:

Geoff Rowley

editorial assistant:

Donovan Schaefer

real live action editor:

Duncan McHugh

layout and design:

Lori, Paul Loughlean

photos:

Lori, Ian Pickering,

Andrea A, Chris Eng

production:

Chris, Duncan, Ubyesey

on the dial:

Bryce Dunn

charts:

Luke Meat

datebook:

Us

distribution:

Matt Steffen

us distro:

Richard Trimble

publisher lady:

Linda Scholten



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Events at a glance:

THURSDAY AUGUST 1

The New Forms Festival featuring: **DJ SPOOKY** (NYC)
 Capital Media and the Velocity Media Arts Services Company (VMAS) presents this unique festival held annually celebrating emerging art forms by mixed media performers. Kicking off the festival is artist DJ/writer DJ SPOOKY.
<http://www.newformsfestival.com> Doors 9pm/Cover \$18.00

SATURDAY AUGUST 3

PRIDE INSIDE 2

Featuring a star-studded NYC cast, including a live performance by club chart-topping group who brought you "FLAWLESS", THE ONES will be in the house. Also returning, are CANDIS CAYNE and MISS HONEY DUON alongside residents, DICKY DOO & TODD OMOTANI! Get set for an incredible night! Doors 9pm/\$25.00
 Advance tickets on sale at Sonar, Little Sisters, and Obscurtion. Tickets at the door are subject to advance sales and capacity.

MONDAY AUGUST 5

MC BATTLE @ CONTEXT

Talk about a kickstart! Only its second week since bustin' into our weekly rotation, Context presented by hiphopca.com is already the place to be for all the heads. This edition: Battle for a grand prize of \$500.00 CASH and studio time. Check out Context presented by hipopca.com the live underground hip hop concert series every Monday sponsored by Circa Footwear and FWUH. Doors 9pm/Cover \$7.00

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 7

GRANDE

Presented by GMAN & Rizk: the R&B, the Reggae, and the Hip-Hop. Nominated for the 2001 Urban Music Award of Canada (UMAC) as best promoters, GMAN & Rizk bring you Vancouver's longest, and strongest running hip hop night. 4 years and counting. Expect only the best this night. Room 1: R&B, hip hop, reggae, and old school with GMAN plus DJs on rotation. Room 2: jazzy breaks, rare grooves, and b-boy flavours with Rizk and guests.
 Doors 9pm/Cover \$7.00

THURSDAY AUGUST 8

LEE BURRIDGE (Global Underground/Tyrant/Fabric - UK)

Nordic Trax and PH1 combine forces to present LEE BURRIDGE, along with partner, Craig Richards, Burridge has been responsible for one of London's most successful club nights, TYRANT, at Fabric. The popularity of their sound has led Fabric to release a pair of critically-acclaimed Tyrant CDs, receiving numerous "album of the week" selections in such publications as Muzik, DJ, and Ministry. Come check it out, as he gets down with locals Luke McKeshan and Jay Tripwire. Doors 9pm/\$15.00 Advance tickets at Boomtown, Bassix, Futuristic Flavour, and Sonar

FRIDAY AUGUST 9

SON OF DAVE (MUSKY RECORDS, UK) @ OVERWEIGHT

"John Lee Hooker meets Pee Wee Herman..." - Buzz and Confused Magazine (UK). Benjamin Duvall's the one-man sensation that makes up the band SON OF DAVE in its entirety. Your ticket to catch former artist of the Crash Test Dummies, now solo artist who Clive Davis claims "has the performing ability of a star..." at this unique live showcase you will not want to miss. Resident DJ VINYL RITCHIE sets up this stellar event.
<http://www.sonofdave.com> Doors 9pm/Cover TBA

THURSDAY AUGUST 15

TONY FALINE (Union Rec./Kaleidoscope Rec./Rewind Ent. - FL) @ LIME

The man behind Florida's Break Empire returns to us after a long overdue appearance. His last LIME visit blew everyone away as he showed all break heads what it was all about. After a tour of Europe and the US behind him, he promises a crate of fresh UK and Florida breaks infused with "his" style. This will be his only appearance in the area for awhile, so don't miss out. Plus Lime residents, CZECH & GROOVEROBBER. Doors 9:30 / Tickets available at Bassix, Futuristic Flavour, and Hypnotik (New West)

THURSDAY AUGUST 22

PETE ROCK (Loud Records/BBE - NYC)

Tigerstone Entertainment and Aggressive promotions team up to present PETE ROCK. This much anticipated, exclusive Vancity debut, will leave an unforgettable mark for the summer of 2002. Limited advance tickets \$17@ Futuristic Flavour, Boomtown, Zulu, FWUH

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THERE'S vancouver special

local reviews by Janis McKenzie

THE CINCH s/t EP (Stutter)

Their email address doesn't lie—The Cinch do indeed rock. Singer Jennifer Smyth's lines dip at the end in a mewing, sneering, smart-ass way, and with the harmonies from guitarist Kathy Dubé the overall effect reminds me of the B-52s and a long line of tough girl bands from the Shangri-La's to The Donnas and Rondelles. Over the course of these five songs the drums are furious and the guitars just don't let up—there's simply no room for any slow or wimpy filler here. And after the four originals is yet another pleasant surprise: a high-energy Jonathan Richman cover with a guitar that mimics that classic Iggy Pop piano sound.

<thecinchrocks@yahoo.com>

MOUNT PLEASANT CoCoRico (Independent)

Mount Pleasant play a kind of tight, sometimes rollicking roots-rock flavoured with early Neil Young (and occasionally hints of Crosby, Stills, and Nash too). Maybe it's some kind of hot weather-induced madness, but I could swear I've heard at least

You"—are just so darned catchy that hearing them once at a live show is enough to make them stick in your head! Never mind because those are the two stand-out tracks in any case. "Always Something" is almost poppy, in a bleak, hopeless, *Badfinger* kind of way, while "Hard to Find You" is sweeter but every bit as melancholy.

www.mountpleasant.ca

YOUNG AND SEXY Stand Up For Your Mother (Mint)

Stand Up For Your Mother is made up of entirely different ingredients: glossy spun sugar layered with pianos and female ethereal voices, heart-felt male singing with countrified acoustic guitar, and soaring boy/girl vocals over anthemic instrumental arrangements, and slightly fucked-up pastiches of found sounds. Sometimes the band makes you think it should be on Sarah (home of the most precious and introspective of indie pop outfits) instead of Mint, and sometimes it messes with you by putting in something hard and fast or even funky. What's most surprising is how many of these (and other) different things can happen in just one song—some

remain, well, Young and Sexy. Yum.

www.youngandsexy.org

CONRAD s/t (Swoop)

The three guys in Conrad have described themselves as "gormless" and "cranky," but neither of these is a description that comes to mind when you actually hear them. Instead you notice a kind of laid-back (and very composed), sad coolness, both in the pulled-back arrangements and airy vocals that are a little reminiscent of Lloyd Cole. Closer scrutiny reveals surprising and fresh snippets of lines like "I wanna smell all your magazines" (to name just one, from "Paisley"). Alas, there's no lyric sheet to help you follow the story line of "Sister's Wedding" or pick out the words that are tucked in under the instruments on the other songs. But if the bits I made out are any indication, it's certainly worth the effort.

www.conradmusic.com

FLOPHOUSE JR. Hour Glass House (Independent)

I have to confess that I've never seen Flophouse Jr., so after I first put this CD into the machine it was a shock to discover that the band is made up of just two people. They don't sound stripped-down, like a rootsy variation of the White Stripes or a less abrasive version of The Crabs. Rather, Flophouse cleverly combines high-tech and urban angst-ridden plucking-on-the-back-porch elements for a quirky/pretty and surprisingly full sound. Jon Wood's lead vocals are the only ragged thing here (not unlike Ken Beattie's from Radiogram)—everything else is smooth.

www.flophousejr.com

NO fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

Last weekend, I flew to Washington, DC to see Minor Threat play. Live. It was absolutely amazing.

I guess I need to explain some things. Most of the world is under the impression that Minor Threat broke up in 1983. This is not true. In 1983, Minor Threat was becoming dangerously popular. Ian MacKaye and the boys didn't like it. They loved playing together, but they didn't like their growing popularity to buy their records or pay money to see them play. They didn't want to record music or play shows for strangers. They played music because they loved it. They didn't do it for the fame, fortune, or chicks. They did it for themselves. So they faked a break up.

The truth is that Minor Threat has played together every second Sunday of every month in Ian's parents' basement for the past nine years.

Lyle Preslar was never an A&R rep. Steve Albini, who happens to be pretty good pals with Minor Threat—Ian and Jeff Nelson in particular—agreed to

include Preslar's name in his "The Problem With Music" essay, that was first published in *MMR* #133. Albini wrote that Preslar was an evil A&R rep who preyed on young, talented, bands. Albini lied. Ian and Jeff asked him to spread the rumour about Lyle so that no one would ever suspect that Minor Threat was still together. They figured that no one would believe that

He has the energy of a 15-year-old boy. Even Steve Hansen was there to play some of the songs. When they played "Out of Step" I got so excited that I got out of some guy's shoulders and jumped into the air and touched my toes like a cheerleader. On the way down someone kicked me in the tacho by accident. It hurt like hell, but I didn't notice until after they finished playing. I was so mesmerized. My hand hurt, too, because I socked Henry Rollins in the eye when he tried to start reading his poetry in between songs. That wasn't very nice of me. Sorry, Hank.

The truth is that Minor Threat has played together every second Sunday of every month for the past nine years.

MacKaye and Nelson associated with someone who stood so blatantly against the DIY aesthetic. MacKaye's other band, Fugazi, also started as a device to cover up Minor Threat's existence. I was invited to the Minor Threat basement in DC because Ian wanted to come out. He called me and said that he was tired of hiding. Well, let me tell you, that Minor Threat was, and still is, one of the greatest and most influential bands ever. The show was insane. Brian Baker has not aged an hour in 10 years.

Listen carefully: Minor Threat is NOT releasing a new album. Minor Threat is NOT going on tour. Minor Threat is NOT going to play any shows for the public. They will NEVER EVER sellout. They are STRAIGHTEDGE HARDCORE FOREVER! •

Stand Up For Your Mother is made up of entirely different ingredients: glossy spun sugar layered with pianos and female ethereal voices, heart-felt male singing with countrified acoustic guitar, and soaring boy/girl vocals over anthemic instrumental arrangements, and slightly fucked-up pastiches of found sounds.

part of this EP before. Were a couple of the songs on an earlier release, or did Mount Pleasant used to have a different name? (Their website didn't offer any clues). Or could it be that the songs in question—"Always Something" and "Hard to Find

morph from one thing into another at least three times over the course of five minutes. No, I take it back. What's most surprising is that whether playing a complex trifurcated epic or a two-minute indie pop-rocker, Young and Sexy manages to

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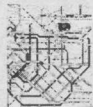
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Strut, fret & flicker

performance/art by Penelope Mulligan

TROUBLE EVERY DAY
Cinemuer International
Horror Film Festival
Saturday, July 6
Pacific Cinématheque

Made in 2000, this one has been on my most wanted list for awhile, but it wasn't the horror aspect that sent me panting off to see it when it finally got a Vancouver premiere at this year's Cinemuer Festival. It was the thought of Claire Denis directing Vincent Gallo and Béatrice Dalle to a soundtrack by the Tindersticks.

In terms of both structure and content, the film has apparently divided audiences wherever it's played—in the reverie-for-revile-it manner of Michael Haneke's *Funny Games* or Lars von Trier's *Breaking the Waves*. With dialogue in both French and English, it vibrates with elegantly self-conscious style and steers fearlessly through some memorable scenes which are messy, horrific, a bit hard to watch or all three. Really though, I can't see what the fuss has been about—unless it's that nothing in Denis' highly respected body of work (of which only 1999's gorgeous *Beau Travail* and 1996's sad and lovely *Nenette et Boni* have shown here) quite prepares us for *Trouble Every Day*.

Gallo plays Dr. Sean Brown, an American medical researcher ostensibly honeymooning in Paris with his new bride (Tricia Vessey). His anxious, hawk-nosed visage already signals that he's got trouble as their plane descends into the digital grid of the night city where a former colleague is having troubles of his own. Leo (Alex Desosa), a scientist daylighting as a General Practitioner, has been studying an affliction which causes its sufferers to turn cannibalistic after a certain stage of sexual arousal. The scientific community publicly scorns his work, but he has a

large stake in pursuing it, as his wife (Dahl—and she's terrifying) is an afflictive. Sean desperately needs to reconnect with Leo, since he too has the sickness and is upset at the notion of it coming between him and his innocent, perfectly groomed spouse.

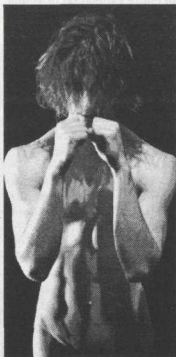
Beginning in dimly-lit, claustrophobic close-up, the camera jumps lazily among seemingly unconnected scenes: sex in the cab of a truck; a man feverishly digging a hole in the woods; a feral, blood-stained face. Plot elements keep disappearing down rabbit-holes only to be revealed much later as they simultaneously unravel. Meanwhile, each fragment is so engaging that I'd already accepted the possibility of never knowing what the hell was going on. It's not until about three quarters of the way through that the dots finally connect, and then they do so with the soft, satisfying click of tumblers in a big lock.

A couple of friends remarked afterwards that they were no longer sure if Gallo could really act—and I know what they were getting at. In a sense, he was still the guy from *Buffalo 66*, but with a doctorate in biochemistry and an even bigger problem. Yet I wonder if that's precisely what Denis had in mind when she cast him.

The disease and its effect on the behavior of all concerned is, of course, a ripe metaphor for psychosocial dysfunction, and Denis gives us plenty of opportunity to mine the parallels without being too obvious. In fact, the film does quite the balancing act. It teeters on the cusp of indulgence (all those long, panning shots of skin), set de-over-achievement (even blood-spattered walls look like Basquiat paintings) and utter humourlessness—but never topples. And the seductive, weary chic of that soundtrack

eats you alive.

EVE
CORIOGRAPH THEATRE
Dancing on the Edge
Wednesday, July 10
Firehall Arts Centre
On Tom Waits' *Alize*, there's a song called "Poor Edward." It's about a man who has another face on the back of his head—a woman's or a young girl's—which he's told should be removed. But he and this face are inseparable and he's driven



BILLY MARCHENSKI
IN **SPKATOR**
PHOTO BY JAMIE
GRIFFITHS

to suicide. Seeing Eve was like watching one possible interpretation of the song played out with a wealth of historical analysis and a happy ending.

In her first full length work, dancer/choreographer Cori

Caulfield investigates the "displacement and diminishment" of female archetypes in Western civilization and the effect this has had on the social order and the psyches of both male and female. Caulfield herself didn't perform, but assembled a cast of five dancers to play a posse of such archetypes who pay corrective visits to a sixth—an arrogant male Humanities prof named Christopher Adam, who opened the piece by handing round reading lists and addressing the audience as if we were his students. Thereafter, a voice-over narration (by Caulfield) traced the origins and subsequent perversion of Aphrodite, Athena, Eve, Mary, Pandora, etc., with text drawn from such heavyweight sources as the Bible, Greek philosopher, Joseph Campbell and Carl Jung.

This sort of highly conceptual, text-based framing device—however clever—can be deadly in dance, but Caulfield really made it fly. This is partly because what we were hearing was so bloody fascinating and partly because Caulfield's voice was at once scholarly and seductive. The dance was never dragged down by the text, but either bounced along on top of it or climbed around inside it. Besides, Caulfield has a well-justified confidence in the power and originality of her movement vocabulary. In her solo work, she has often pitted it against meaty ideas, to the enhancement of both.

As the repressed academic, Dean Makarenko revealed impressive acting and comedic skills. In face, body and voice, he was reactive to each of the figures who haunted him. First of these was Eve—and she pissed! Wearing nothing but a fig leaf and one trouser leg, Andrea Gunlaugson made the First Lady muscular and dangerous as she leaped, spiraled and frequently slammed the stuffing out of Makarenko. And they just kept coming, alone or in groups, to play his woc with his misconceptions: A virgin-mother trio (Sommer Thorne, Day Helesic and Rachel Anderson) who morphed into skanky street dancers; Athena

who scooted around on roller skates; and his TA (with whom he was having an affair) who appeared dressed like Bo-Peep. The pivotal figure in his enlightenment, however, seemed to be Mary (Kathleen McDonagh) who entered with only her gently undulating torso in light. Once Chris had accepted that the Mother was more than just an incubator—in a wrenching and sensual duct that hinted at rebirthing—he was able to truly integrate all those mythological females into his psyche. Whew.

Propelling it all was the musical score, most of which was commissioned from composers Ted Hamilton and Mark Taylor. Its techno bent was by turns hard, ambient and melodic, and underscored the fact that despite their age, Eve and her arch-sisters still have some unfinished business with our times.

SPKATOR
BATTERY OPERA
Dancing on the Edge
Friday, July 12
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

Even that "k" was irritating. There was nothing in the production to justify the eviction of a perfectly good "c." Like those misplaced unlaundered pepper the names of headbanger bands, it was an affection. So *Spkator* with a "k."

Created by battery opera directors David McIntosh and Lee Su-Feh, the piece was overloaded with stylistic and verbal baggage which smothered whatever it was they were trying to say. Some of the baggage items were, in themselves, attractive and well performed, but they collapsed like empty gestures. We were given lots of provocative, deliberately mannered foreplay in the programme notes—one interesting come-on being that it was "inspired by cockfights, sports, animal husbandry and sex." In a sense, the company delivered, because all these things were dutifully referenced.

The proceedings were set up like a cockfight but referred with the tongue-in-cheek decorum of a fencing match or a duel. The ref (McIntosh) was in evening dress and the con-

tenders (dancers Susan Elliot, Billy Marchenski, Jennifer Murray and Ron Stewart) had "seconds." The actual sport played out like some esoteric form of non-contact wrestling. The audience was given score cards and invited to place their bets at intermission. The fights were prefaced by a long section in which the dancers scrapped and clucked like barnyard fowl in a Modern Dance class. Perhaps this was meant to suggest that competitive sports treats its participants like animals.

Adding another layer to the already device-heavy show was a narrator (actor Louis Chirillo), who spoke McIntosh's text with a cultured, trans-atlantic accent. Some of what he said sounded quite profound, but once you'd unraveled the verbiage, most of it floated away. There seemed to be no particular reason why it should accompany this performance. In any case, another voice was a bit superfluous, since someone was usually talking, grunting or screaming.

There were, however, some things that deserved to be sprung from the prison of this pretentious work. The four dancers, for a start, whose strength and skill were used for naught. Even as actors, they seemed directionless—in both senses of the word. And the song interludes were very appealing. Sung acapella by McIntosh and musician Chris Grove (who otherwise provided some very fine saxophone accompaniment), they featured wonderfully absurd lyrics set to tunes that were either pretty as an English country ballad or vaguely liturgical.

But then there would be long, tedious bouts of choreography performed by Su-Feh, in which she appeared to be endlessly recycling a few of her martial arts moves.

It isn't often I see a production which makes me feel that the only appropriate response is cretinous incomprehension. Yet this isn't the first time battery opera's work has bored and annoyed me. Someone must really, really like them, though, because the company has won the 2003 Alcan Award for Dance. *

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panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias

America's Army: The Virtual US Army

Violent video games have long been suspected of increasing our predilection toward murderous violations of flesh. This remains to be convincingly proved. In fact, in most "First Person Shooter" (FPS) video games, the violence is mythically codified (*Quake*), conducted against historical evil—recurring Nazi themes in *Wolfenstein* and many imitators—or ambiguous. The violence is called into question and operates primarily as a cathartic act of fantasy in an ethically ambiguous imagination. The FPS *Counterstrike* allows the choice of playing as counter-terrorist or terrorist, thereby playing the violence inherent to both sides. The game derives from *Half-Life*, which features the starring role as a rogue scientist who faces the entire US Army and Special Ops Divisions after a supernatural, time-warping experiment goes awry. There is no moral high ground; *Half-Life* interrogates the righteousness of the US Government as its forces attempt to kill you as the last

surviving witness. Today, questionable and questioning ethics in video games have become hijacked by the real US military. In the post-9-11 world, the virtual realm of violence is to be forcibly fed the "With US or Against US," newly minted logistical ethics. The latest FPS, *America's Army*, is timely born from the real harbinger of world destruction, the US Army. There are some slight changes from the traditional FPS. For one, *no one can play terrorist*. You always play the "good guy." A player on Team A will always fight as a US Army soldier and fight players on Team B depicted as terrorists. But that opposing Team B "terrorist" will see themselves as Army and Team A as terrorists. All firefights are at once battles of doppelgangers, where the only difference between real friend and foe is "perspective." Indeed, this is exactly what US Army spokesperson Paul Boyce said: "As far as you're concerned, when you see the enemy approaching you, they

are the enemy. It's all a matter of perspective." In the real, a question of perspective is both required and denounced. For a certain, narrow perspective is enforced through not only the separation of US-defined Good and Evil but the justification and cause of either; on the other hand, a broader perspective is denounced by all sides when one begins to question all sides and their "perspectives."

On the virtual battlefield of *America's Army*, one can do no wrong and everyone is Right. The virtual acts as the violent training ground for the real by completely destabilizing ethics into a comfortable suspension of not only disbelief, but trans-dimensional judgement. The virtual and the real are dimensions of contradictory control, where appearances in either realm become the real—the other players look like terrorists, despite the fact that they believe they are Army; the dark-skinned man at the end of your gun is an Afghan terrorist, despite his US or Canadian citizenship. Both appear as terror-

ists despite contrary claims. The only way to end the quandary and to squash ambiguity is to shoot. Shooting the "enemy" without question is now a state sanctioned and approved act. The US has decided to move beyond disregarding the Geneva Convention and has approved execution without trial. The appearance of the virtual is the real, and all threats to the contrary must be eliminated. The virtual prepares for the actualized violence of the real by completely reversing, and thereby undermining, present moral quandries. In the virtual, we cannot question if "the enemy" is friendly or not; they are simply "the enemy." It is, no doubt, the Army's goal to bleed the virtual über-ethics (which is actually a lack of ethics) into the real, thereby carefully training an entire generation of young videogamers to unquestioningly follow the violent, "morally" based edicts of the US military government. Dissent to this strategy will not be tolerated. In the virtual, "Operations punishers" in the player by kicking them out of the game if they shoot a teammate or break the rules of engagement. If the player returns, they are confined to a tiny cell at Fort Leavenworth, complete with a harmonica playing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Comments over the Afro-American signifiers of the prison-song aside, how does one

not shoot a teammate in this "game"?

And how does one manage to shoot a friendly in the real? With the world's best technologies determining precision kills of correctness, allowing us to avoid moral ambiguity? Flip it over, change the barrel: how can one not do so with the advent of appearance ethics that grant me a leave of responsibility by commanding me to shoot in order to stifle question? And perhaps this explains the "friendly" casualties in Afghanistan? After all, everyone has the appearance of a terrorist in *America's Army*. Let me repeat that: in *America's Army*, everyone appears as a terrorist. We are seeing the apparent rise of logistic simulacra. If we dare to pose the question, "How does one tell which side is good or evil?" we are appearing as a terrorist. And only terrorists ask questions. Questions are the new friendly-fire: you are hurting your own if you question. *American dissenters are terrorists*. For what is shooting one's "teammates" in the virtual but the only possible questioning of the real and of appearances? Dissent will also no longer be tolerated in the real. The new Department of Homeland Defence ensures a pure ethical opinion in regards to dissent—a question is a friendly shot, it must be dealt with as insubordination—through the fear and paranoia

of an unprecedented US network of snitches, whose purpose is to report questions and those who pose them.

In the virtual of *America's Army*, bullets make no sound, and only leave red dots on the victim, very much unlike the gore of recent First Person Shooters. In fact, the regression of violence in the virtual arena is reminiscent of killing "Injuns" in '50s Westerns. And that is where we are returning, is it not? The virtual opens historical simulacra with a polished ethical veneer of black and white. The Cold War is now the War on Terrorism, every bit as ubiquitous and uncontrollable, and yet just as deadly; the Department of Homeland Defence is the new McCarthy Communist hearings; and *America's Army* does one up on falsified news and patriotic *Red Fever* films—for it teaches us how to make violence a virtual game, one sanctioned by the government, and displayed in cartoon-like glory where everyone can be the cowboy with the white hat.

But this is no game. It is all horribly, horribly real.

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DYSFUNCTION JUNCTION

After acquiring recent issues of *The Idler*, *Modern Drunkard* and *Slouch*, among others, I couldn't help but ponder the apparent celebration of dysfunction. Then, thinking back, a few other zine titles came to mind that seem to confirm my suspicions. Consider names like *Deviant*, *Guinea Pig Zero*, *Sad Asex*, *Loudbore Reader*, *Maggot Zine*, *Retail Whore*, *Recluse*, *The Beautiful Dead End*, *Just Another Nobody*, *King of the Hill of the Mentally Ill*, *Off Kilter*, *Sob Story*, *Aborted Society*, *Adverse Affect*, *Garbed Chicken*, *Broken Glass*, *Withe Street Fight*, I'm

Just check the website for info: www.idler.co.uk. You won't be disappointed.

San Francisco's *SLOUCH* has more in common with half-legal sized zines but is dressed in a beautiful, glossy cover. Inside *Slouch* is oh-so-embarrassing proof that major mags just bite when it comes to creativity and humour, not to mention the voyeuristic aspects of this little rag. One writer relates a tale of overhearing a voice mail number and eavesdropping on it every day, and another lovely story conveys the delicate life of a shy pooper and the lengths she'll go to hide the fact that she ever sat

1522 Lafayette St., #1 Denver (a good place to drink, I know), CO 80218.

For those of us on the more proactive end of negative living, the newest *HANGING LIKE A HEX* magazine is available. Besides carrying gobs of great articles, interviews, (Les Savy Fav, Majority Rule, Chuck D, Rocket From The Crypt, etc.), music, book, comic and zine reviews, *HLAH* supplies us with important tips on shoplifting from corporate megastores. Yep, that's right, they're making no bones about it. They figure if these greedy SOBs can pollute our environment, propagate



Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck, *Riding the Rubbish Hoop*, *Attention Deficit Disorder*, *Wink*, and on and on. *Even Slay as You Are* suggests a sort of anti-progression or malaise. My own *Speck Fanzine* itself connotes insignificance. Zinesters come off like a psychiatrist's wet dream. I suppose I should feel guilty about encouraging such negative swill, but no, I just think it's kinda funny. I mean while every goddamn billboard, television, computer and radio is pumping out images of the colourful "good life," I like to think of failure. I know you do too.

Let's think about Britain's *THE IDLER* magazine. The stated idea of this mag is to offer entertainment for "those who live to loaf" (the logo sports a snail). To slam this point home, issues have featured wonderful tales of terrible jobs and important highlights on the futility of trying. And given the hundreds of pages (255 to be exact) of great articles, interviews, reviews and loads of quality content, you'll find plenty of diversions to keep you on your ass instead of doing something ridiculous like planning for the future. This sucker is hard to get, though, and I'm not sure there to send you to find it.

on the can. Another article manages to avoid clichés aplenty when recommending Chomsky. What separates this indie product from its "professional" cousins is the amount of real fun there is in reading it. Again, this zine wallows in the absolute wonder of positive triviality without pretension. Check out *Slouch* at www.slouch.net or write to 610A Cole St., Box 22, San Francisco, CA 94117.

Perhaps the finest example of all that is "wrong" in the world is a zine that encourages irresponsible alcohol consumption, namely *MODERN DRUNKARD*. A Twelve-Step's nightmare, *MD* offers drink recipes, a look at famous lush heroes, and good arguments for bad living. When you step back and think about the ruined families, wasted potential, alcohol-related deaths, well, you know, it warms the heart. I can imagine that a zine like this gets more hate mail than some lame-ass *Satanist* rag. *Kinda* shows you where society is at in the present. So if you've got a problem you don't want to face take a look at *Modern Drunkard* for inspiration at <http://kinds.theidlermag.com>. If you have any drunk-related writings or pictures they are looking for contributors. Send stuff to



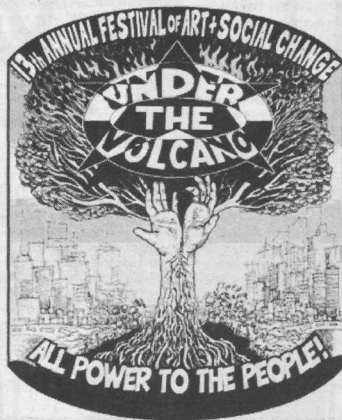
slave labour, and drive down wages then fuck 'em. There's a great article on the state of zines now that the "revolution" has died down. Write to Ryan Canavan at 201 Maple Ln., N Syracuse, NY 13212 or changinhex@hotmail.com.

To round out the topic of dysfunction, look no further than the comic artist Jesus, what a lot! You can smell the alcohol on these folks from blocks away. When they get together watch out, and check out the new anthology of (all?) local comic artists in *DRIPPYTOWN COMICS 2002*. I laughed, I cried, I wondered who was an avant garde genius or a refugee from the asylum. I was going to name them all here, but it's a long list and I haven't had my coffee yet, so just look for *Drippytown Comics* around town (first) at indie comic and book shops. If that doesn't work you can go to www.drippytown.com or write to PO Box 78069, 2606 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, BC V5N 5W1.

Next month, more imports plus the new *Faggo and Seckamag*. Send your zine and lots of money to Bleek c/o DISCORDER, #233-6138 Sub Blvd., Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1. *

REDISTRIBUTING JOY: UNDER THE VOLCANO'S FESTIVAL OF THE OPPRESSED

BY B. SERIOUS



have a perfect marriage of both, but I also work with people who aren't necessarily "political" but do have an analysis and an understanding of the mandate of the festival.

In keeping with *Under the Volcano's* stated theme this year—"All Power to the People"—many of the workshops on-site will be centred around practical strategies for surviving and combating the dangerous policies of the BC Liberal government. Seniors Network BC, the Aboriginal Women's Action Network, radical youth education collective Check Your Head, *Red Wire Magazine*, the Filipino-Canadian Youth Alliance, the Victoria Anti-Poverty Coalition, and women's prison abolitionist group Joint Effort are among the groups participating in the educational component of the festival.

Dire and depressing issues, including the looming US assault on Iraq, are on the table for *Under the Volcano*. But despite the seriousness of the struggle they are involved in, the festival's organizers stand by their commitment to art and celebration. Compton says, "Under the Volcano is a beautiful thing because it foregrounds the cultural, creative, celebratory, and joyous side of leftist beliefs, and I think that's important, because leftists can be very apocalyptic, do people (for good reasons) a lot of the time. But *Under the Volcano* has always felt, to me, like sort of a glimpse of what the whole point of struggle is, a microcosm of a society where social responsibility and pleasure are not in contradiction, but are actually mutually dependent."

"Anarchism and socialism should be fundamentally about gratification, just as much as they are fundamentally about justice, retribution, compassion, sacrifice, and those other serious things. We need a redistribution of wealth, but we also need a redistribution of joy in this society." *

Under the Volcano's 14th Annual Festival of Art and Social Change will be held August 11 at Cites Park in North Vancouver. More info can be found at www.tvo.ca/volcano.

Working for progressive social change can be exhausting. We live in a society which—despite its democratic ideals—actively discourages political consciousness and mobilization. For myself and many of my friends with leftist beliefs and commitments, the past year has been a time of particularly intense fears, anger, and despair. As nations militarize and governments dismantle the hardwon but barely adequate remains of the welfare state, as repressive new laws are unveiled and the corporate world steps up its dirty tricks, it can be difficult to find hope.

Art, says local writer and activist Wayne Compton, one of the organizers and performers at this year's *Under the Volcano* festival, can provide an antidote to the pessimism that many people feel when confronted with the massive task of social justice. "The liberal-capitalist concept that society must be based on hierarchy and competition is brutally cynical and pessimistic," says Compton. "I think artists of all sorts are in a good position to counter that viewpoint, by virtue of being hopeful and socially-inclined people." Compton, the author of *Blueprint: Black British Columbian Literature and Orature*, published this year by Arsenal Pulp Press, took up the

task of programming the spoken-word component of *Under the Volcano's 14th Annual Festival of Art and Social Change*. The writers he selected for the Malcolm Lowry stage include author, performer, and Xtra West columnist Ivan E. Coyote and San Francisco novelist Peter Plate, as well as Junie Desil, Joy Russell, Ryan Murphy, Jordan Scott, and Michelle Kenny.

Longtime festival coordinator Meegan Maults said agrees with Compton, and has selected the musical performers for the festival accordingly. "Peoples who do activist work—like all the groups who participate in our info fair and workshops—have soundtracks to their lives, and often music can be a source of inspiration." Festivalgoers this year will be treated to a wide-ranging musical palette that includes protest-folk group Flying Folk Army, local hip-hop crew Lost Tribes of the Sun, Algonquin/Cree vocal group Nechiwan, G7 Welcoming Committee hip-hop fusionists warsawpack, and many more. "A lot of the artists I book are straight-up political in their content," Maults said. "Others are doing cultural resistance work, albeit in a more subtle way, or through direct action in their communities. Ideally I like when artists

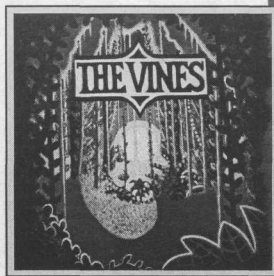
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DIGNIFYING SCIENCE
Jim Ottaviani
(GT Labs)

You know, there are a million and one things to like about comic books. You've heard my many accolades before. But the best thing about comics isn't the flashy colours, the crazy art or the fantastic storytelling; to me it's the potential to educate. Jim Ottaviani's anthology *DIGNIFYING SCIENCE* does just that. Ottaviani is obsessed with all things scientific. Unlike his other comics about science, such as *Two Fisted Science* and *Fallout*, *Dignifying Science* is all about girl scientists.

What an excellent idea for a comic book. I like how he starts things in familiar territory. One of the few girl scientists I did know of is Marie Curie. But I bet you didn't know her daughter also won a Nobel Prize for her research, 10 years after her mother won her second Prize.

I then learned about the silver screen actress Hedy Lemarr and her contribution to science: she discovered the technology behind different band waves—i.e., the stuff that makes your

cell phone work. The majority of the stories follow the same basic plot: how various women have made contributions to science only to be ignored and bypassed by their male counterparts. But with each progressive story the tone changes for the better.

The next story is about Lise Meitner, a German physicist

Franklin. She helped figure out the structure of DNA while scrutinizing the structure of coal. Franklin's story is the same as Meitner's: her male peers got the Nobel Prize instead of her. After this story, though, the writing ceases to be about women scorned and more about women of science. The best story is about



HEDY LEMARR BY CARLA SPEED MCNEIL

who, due to her Jewish background and the incoming Nazi regime, was forced into exile after helping figure out how to extract atomic power.

Then there's Rosalind

Binrete Galdikas, a woman who is still alive and studying the orangutan (and a member of the Archaeology faculty at SFU). Ottaviani allows us to accompany her on her observa-

tion and subsequent befriending of her first orangutan. It's an extensive lesson in the habits of orangutans. I can't help it, but when something teaches me about something I don't know about, I'm smitten. I knew absolutely nothing about the orangutan until now.

You would think that a book about science would be

would've broken me. Nonetheless, a book like this had to be made and I'm glad for it.

The most important part of this book, though, is the artists. If the artists weren't as well-chosen and accomplished, this book would have fallen by the wayside. Ottaviani picked familiar and new artists (which were, in themselves, a discov-

like style adds softness to the tale of another forgotten girl genius. The other three artists are Donna Barr, Linda Medley and Roberta Gregory. Linda illustrates the story from the perspective of MF Wilkins, the head scientist. Medley portrays Wilkins' disgust over a woman in his lab by not drawing Franklin a face. Subtle and succinct. Mary Fleener does a pin-up for a female mathematician and Jen Sorenson brings indie cred to Lise Meitner's exile. Ottaviani condenses a life story that's short and sweet. Without these great artists and interesting storytelling techniques this book would be unappealing. I found this book fascinating and I wanted to share it with other girls.

After reading this book I was reminded of when Roberta Bonda went back to her hometown of Sault Ste-Marie, Ontario. She spoke to our class and she was honest about her high school experience. She said that no one encouraged her to take science classes or pursue any of her scientific interests. She was told it was a man's field and that she should pursue other career choices—ironic because the town was now honouring her as the first Canadian woman in space. *Dignifying Science* should be in every library of every school. Ottaviani has written an accomplished and great book. •

ROSALIND
FRANKLIN
BY
STEPHANIE
GLADDEN



hard to understand—not so. Each story is really easy to digest and Ottaviani does an excellent job making these women's lives interesting and moving. As well, in the back of the book there is an extensive bibliography for the curious and there are pages and pages of annotations. We learn more about each person and what happened to them after their story was told. Most of them moved on and refused to be bitter, which was surprising. I would like to think that the science world is a lot less gender biased these days; a brain's a brain, regardless of who has it. Some of the things those women had to put up with

ery) alike. The Hedy Lemarr story was illustrated by Carla Speed McNeil. Having not seen her series *Finder* before, I found McNeil refreshingly talented. Clean and concise—with a romantic comic sensibility—her eye for detail and her character-adding touches really made the story moving. The story of Rosalind Franklin was illustrated by four different people to convey four points of view. It's an interesting idea that works quite well. The story is told by Rosalind's friend Adrienne Weill, and her part is illustrated by Stephanie Gladden. Stephanie comes from an animation background and her expressive and fluid Disney-

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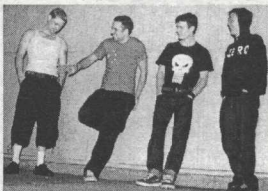
'Black City' is a tremendous album. Its 12 tightly-wound, retro-punk tracks mix the brooding sensuality of *Girls Against Boys* with the dark atmospherics of *Joy Division* and the hip-shaking drive of latter-day *Primal Scream*. Throw in cool lyrics like "I'm not your toy for penetration" and smartly subversive titles such as 'The Truth Is F**ked' and 'We've Been Planning This For Years', and - to borrow a phrase from The Hives - DOLL could well prove to be your new favourite band.

KERRANG (KKKK)

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SUNSET ON BROADWAY

Sunset On Broadway are equal parts hardcore and equal parts emotion. It can be said that all forms of music are emotional, but I have never, ever heard a band as emotional as Sunset On Broadway. I'm not going to lie—I've only seen Sunset On Broadway play once. It usually takes a couple years to get me interested in interviewing a band, but the first time I saw Sunset On Broadway play I felt so much emotion coming from the lead singer Ron and the band as a whole that I had to speak with them. People who are not in tune to being humane might call being emotional a curse. I call emotion one of the most important aspects of being a human today. That being said, I have no band references to point you to, but you can expect to have a passionate sound experience when Sunset On Broadway meet your ears. I call that a good thing.



by Brian Disagro

Chris Booth: Guitar
Tom Hillier: Bass
Kevin Webster: Drums
Ron Lo: Token Asian/Vocals

DISORDER: Ron, at a show you mentioned that you were a fan of video games. What was your first video game system?

Ron: Well, I've been playing video games for a long, long time. My first video game was probably the Atari system when I was like five. I played Joust and Hangman and Choplifter, too.

Chris: My first video game experience wasn't actually mine 'cause my parents didn't have the money at the time. My best friend growing up when I was a little kid had a Commodore 64. So it was all about Wizard of War—that was a rockin' good game. What was the one with the chessboard?

Ron: Uh... Archon.

Chris: Archon. It was all about Archon.

Ron: Actually, for me it was that way too. My parents didn't have that much money when we were growing up, but my cousins were kind of well off and they had the Commodore 64.

Did you get more systems, the newer systems? What happened after that point, did you become addicted?

Ron: Yeah, I guess you can say I'm an addicted video game fiend. I have the Xbox, the Game Cube, and the Playstation 2. I've had the Dreamcast, I've had the Playstation, I've had the Nintendo, I've had the Super Nintendo. I've pretty much had every system; that's where I spend all my money pretty much. I play video games. I'm pretty much a geek. I spend a lot on the computer too. I work on the computer, so I spend a lot of time on the computer.

Chris: I'm kind of a minimalist geek. So I've done away with the home based systems, now it's all just about the Gameboy Advance so I can take it where I want to go.

Ron: We're thinking about bringing video games with us on tour. Kevin the drummer is not too obsessed. He likes certain games. The systems right now that are hooked up are Xbox, Playstation 2 and Gamecube. Final Fantasy is our game. I bought the PS2 so I could play Final Fantasy 10.

Chris: So we could get song material.

Ron: Yeah, that's where I got the song material from. We fell in love with Lulu and Riku. Chris and I spent 60 hours playing that game, trying to get everything. There was this time when there was this thing you had to do where you had to skip lightning and basically the screen would flash and then you'd press the X button and we spent five hours and we almost had epileptic attacks.

Hey, anyone listening to this interview has to keep in mind: Chris, he likes the D&D. He's one of those guys that will go into sewers and pull out the swords and fight each other. [Laughs] No, just jokin'. Chris: I'm dressed in a black robe right now, and I'm muttering incantations.

Ron: Yeah, what's that group...

Tom: Three Inches of Blood.

Ron: Not Three Inches. What's that group that hangs out and has the all-night battles?

Chris: The losers?

Tom: Society for Creative Anachronism.

Chris: Yeah, a group in Victoria does it. It was really cool, they make these swords and if I was living in Victoria I would totally be doing that.

While listening to your song "New Year's Eve" I couldn't help but notice that being completely happy for you doesn't happen very often. Am I correct?

Ron: There are few times I really actually enjoy myself. I don't go out very often. I'm not a very much of social person. You can probably link that back to video games and playing video games and being a geek all my life. I'm really uncomfortable around people. So I'm not really much into partying because I don't drink and I'm not really into the drug thing.

Chris: Although that song came about because of drinking.

Ron: Yeah.

Chris: We drank obsessively that New Year's Eve.

Ron: That's where the lyrics for that song came from because it was one of the days I actually really enjoyed myself going out and those happen really rarely. It was incredible. I didn't have to drink, I wasn't inebriated in any sort, but I had an awesome time and I had lots of fun with my friends. Most of the time having fun with my friends meant playing video games, so it was nice to get the other aspect of hanging out with other people in different scenarios.

In your song "Thank You," you are telling someone that you will make them proud. Could you tell me about this life-changing event in your life that you are speaking of?

Ron: It's supposed to be my parents because they put a lot of pressure on me. They made a lot of sacrifices for me to have opportunities. They left Mainland China where they had... there's not a whole world of opportunities, but they had good jobs. They were doing well. My dad was successful. He was very intelligent, he was doing well at a school there and everything, and they gave up all that for my brother and I. For a long time I didn't appreciate what they did to me and how they treated me because I was caught in a cultural dilemma. My dad works 16 hours a day and he doesn't really interact with society, so he doesn't know what's going on. He still has the viewpoint as if he is living in China and he puts me under a lot of those kind of cultural restraints. Now that I've lived on my own, I see the world differently. There was no specific life-changing moment. I don't really think I have ever said "thank you" for what they did to me so I wrote that song about them.

At the end of your song "Just Cause" I couldn't help but keep wondering what makes you struggle and want to survive in life. Could you tell me what it is?

Chris: What song is that?

Ron: "Thomas Crown Affair." We have different names for every song because I don't really tell them the song names so they're surprised, that's probably the first time they've ever heard the name of that song. But the perspective on that song is that I don't like to preach, I don't like to use the word "you" at all in our songs. I want to do more self-indulgent... not indulgent... self-investigating things. I'd rather use the word "I" and question myself before I question someone else. So "Just Cause" is my observations about people jumping onto causes, and whether or not they had the conscience, the intelligence and the knowledge to do that or were they just doing it because it was a fad?

In your song "I Wait" I couldn't help but notice that you are feeling the same as I. It seems to me that you are wondering when you will pass on and life will finally end and if you'll leave on a good note or a sour note. Is this true?

Ron: That's not more like I want to see what's on the other side, that's more of my perspective on anxiety. If anyone has had anxiety they kind of know, I guess, depending on the extremities of it. I just gave anxiety kind of a personality in that sense. When I used to get them [anxiety attacks] I used to get them quite often and I'd be on my guard. I would have to wait every night and see if it would come and whether I was going to be able to make it this time... That was kind of my battle against myself: I am sticking up for myself and saying, "This is it. I'm going to take it on. I'm waiting for you. Come on, bring it on."

What do you think started your anxiety attacks?

Ron: Drugs.

Chris: I'm kind of in the same boat as Ron. Ron and I have talked about it a lot and I think for both of us it was originally caused by taking lots of things that were affecting chemicals in our brains. Once you've had one I think that the anxiety attack itself is enough to bring on another one.

Ron: And you're on edge.

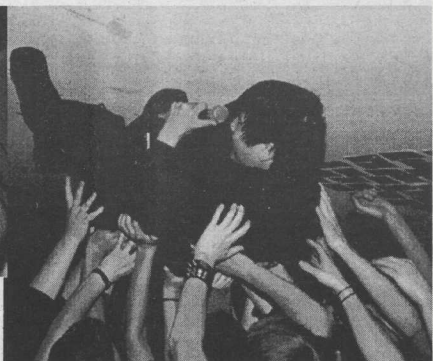
Chris: Yeah, and you're totally on edge and so you are kind of just waiting for the next one to happen, kind of preparing yourself. But at the same time in the preparation you are sort of bringing one on and the first time is a major cause of any more that follow.

Ron: I think both Chris and I have matured enough and have gotten grips on it hopefully.

Chris: I think touring was a big thing. I was really afraid of that.

Ron: Yeah, I was afraid of touring too.

Chris: And we did it and we were fine. That was great. *





BLACK RICE

If you haven't heard of Black Rice by now, you will soon. Their live shows are powerfully disarming, their candor honest, and their love for music unmistakable. Black Rice is a band with balls. I had the chance to sit down with two of the members of Black Rice to find out just what makes this band so unique.



By Erika Jane Photos by Lori Klessling

DISORDER: Introduce yourselves please.

Jeff: I'm Jeff Lee and I play guitar and sometimes sing.

Joel: I'm Joel Tong and I also play the guitar and sometimes sing.

Who's missing?

Joel: We are missing Juli Steemson, our drummer, who is starting to sing now, and we are permanently missing Craig Wallace who was our bass player, but he left the band. We have Morgan, our new bass player.

Joel: He might sing as well.

How long have you guys been together?

Joel: About two years. Jeff joined Christmas of last year.

Jeff, had you been in other bands before?

Jeff: When I first met these guys I was in a band called Mercury the Winged Messenger. When that band broke up Craig asked me to join the band that was originally called Bronze—but we changed the name to Black Rice.

Why did Craig leave?

Joel: He got accepted into the Canadian Film Center. He is doing a director's workshop, so he will be in Toronto for at least six months. Jeff: He is an awesome filmmaker, and that's his first love, so when he said he was leaving...

Joel: It was a kick in the teeth, but a nice kick in the teeth.

Jeff: Yeah, it was like a sock-foot kick in the teeth by your big brother.

Joel: It was more like a gentle rubbing of toes on your teeth.

How did Morgan end up becoming your new bass player?

Joel: We thought it wouldn't be the same without Craig, but the idea came up to get a stand-in bass player—someone to play with and maybe do a show with when we really needed to, and then when Craig got back in a year or six months then we would pick it up with him again. We were sold on that idea and then we ran into Morgan and he was cool with playing with us. Then Craig started talking about never coming back, but by that time we were okay with it.

Jeff: A big difference for me was how into it Juli was. When Craig left I didn't really think that the band would keep going, but Juli plays with another band, Panurge.

Joel: Local pop sensation Panurge.

Jeff: She plays in the back-up band, but she was really into playing rock and roll and punk rock and hardcore. She seemed so into it that

I was like "Well, you know, if everyone is still into it we might as well keep going." I like playing guitar and I like hanging out with these people so why not?

Where did the name Black Rice come from?

Joel: We were Bronze for a while and we really liked Bronze, but then it turned out that ex-members of Karp had formed a band called The Bronze in Seattle, and we figured that it would be hard to compete with them so we had to think of a new name.

Jeff: As far as I remember it was like "How about Black Rice?" "Yeah ... okay."

Joel: Nobody really cared: I think we had already tired ourselves out the first time we had to come up with a name. One night on my way to practice a vision from the black rice god said to me: "Name the band Black Rice."

Jeff: It seemed Asian in a super kickass way.

Craig and Jeff both came from punk and hardcore backgrounds, and I know the rest of the band has been involved in bands of various styles. How would you describe Black Rice's sound?

Joel: That is the toughest.

Jeff: You want me to give my theory of what you guys sounded like before I joined the band?

Joel: Are you going to bring up the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Shellac again?

Jeff: Yeah. I had seen a lot of their shows as Bronze and I am good friends with Joel, so when I described them to other friends of mine I was like [Joel starts to laugh] "The only way I can describe them is a cross between Red Hot Chili Peppers and Shellac," and I guess that was partially just to confuse people. How can you sound like that?

Joel: But it was true.

Jeff: There were elements of both, some really interesting guitar work mixed with some very heavy down tune rhythms and hard-hitting drums.

Jeff: When I came into the band, first of all, I wasn't a huge Shellac fan like the other three people. I think we all listen to all kinds of music and I wanted to bring more of a mixture but make it more of a refined sound. What we have been trying to do recently is make an overall sound where we all have more of a hand in writing the songs and have an overall, recognizable sound, even though we are drawing bits and pieces from all of our different influences. The newer songs are a bit more coherent as being written by a band instead of an individual.

Joel: It is a big mix of all kinds of music. At least to me it doesn't sound like anything else that other people are doing. It is definitely

getting a lot dunkier these days. Strange time signatures; it is a little more mathematical.

Jeff: The band has been—not necessarily anti-distortion—but it seems like a lot of bands try to cover up with big amps and super fuzzy distortion. I think that you can still have balls without having your fucking gain cranked up to 11, contrary to what Spinal Tap would have you believe. Turn down the suck. [Laughs]

So what bands would you say have influenced your sound?

Jeff: When I came to the band I knew everybody in the band was into Rocket from the Crypt and to me there is not enough bands out there that sound like that—bands that are rock and roll but that don't sound like the Strokes or the Sex Pistols; they sound different. Not to say that I want to sound like RFTC, but I wanted to do rock in the way that they do it.

Joel: It comes down to balls really.

Jeff: Yeah.

Joel: Balls with a "z."

Jeff: It is still rock, but it doesn't sound like everything else that you hear—whether it's on the radio or whether it's at a punk show. I guess I can't mention Rye Coalition, because I am always just trying to emulate their balls.

Tell me about your songwriting process. Where do the ideas come from for the lyrical component to your songs? They seem to me to be very intricate and complex.

Jeff: We have written a couple of songs lately that were based on concepts. Our hit single "Into the Night" is a battle between vampires and vampire hunters, and then recently we wrote a song based on an Asian folk tale that Joel had read.

Joel: It was about this poet who had fallen in love with a poetess that was also a princess. Basically she dies, he gets really upset, and he ends up clinging to her grave, until he dies and all that's left is ivy.

Jeff: We turned the poet into an outlaw and the princess into a ghost town and the ivy into a rose. The story is so elaborate that we had to write the song in two parts.

Joel: It's got two movements.

Jeff: It's our "Free Bird."

Any plans to put out an album soon?

Jeff: We just recorded a lot of stuff with Jesse Gander over at Rec-Age. We did another recording with Juli's friend Kreg from Bison. We recorded the songs that had been done without Jeff, so we will have a demo at our next show until we get the full-blown album out in the fall. •

17474 This is your boy rock.

6955

by Paul Loughlean

Imagine this kid with heavy glasses, crazy mop hair, busting out on a self-contained wooden box filled with wires and little metal boxes and, best of all, a bright little Gameboy.

At a recent live show, 6955 blew the sound system, literally overloading the main amp, killing the PA speakers... everything. Suddenly, he hits a switch and BOOM, the sound comes back, only this time muffled and more distorted. People get confused, trying to figure out what is going on, whether or not this is part of the show. (When the club's power died 6955 simply turned on the built-in amplifier on his nifty little tinder box and kept right on playing through his set).

This is Gameboy punk.

DISORDER: What are the merits of Gameboy for making music?

6955: It's a videogame! I love music, and I love games... perfect combo. Another factor is the portability. I started this project as a street-side busking thing in Toronto back in '98. 99.9% of street musicians are irritating Bob Dylans. I wanted to do something a little more interesting. Gameboys are battery powered. So are pedal effects. I found a battery powered amp at a salvation army, threw all my gear in a suitcase and hit the streets. My setup has evolved into a solid, self-contained box housing a ton of effects, an amp and speakers. And it all runs on 12 volts.

So basically you are using a bunch of effects pedals and can you get more specific and also tell me about any modifications you have done?

The sole sound maker is a Gameboy running the Gameboy Camera—it has a lo-fi music sequencer-type thing reminiscent of a TB-303 interface. I run the output of the Gameboy through a bunch of effects: filters, distortions, tremolos, delays, pitch shifters. Most of the stuff I built myself using schematics off the web. I try to modify everything... get more range on all the modulators, extra controls. I stumble across a lot of mods while debugging the stuff I build. For recording, I use the same gear, and record on a 4-track. I do every song in one take—I do all the effects in real time. No post-production. No computer tricks.



How is the tour going?

The kids from Catmobile are setting up a bunch of shows in the UK. I'll be playing with Kimonophonic and FCB at the end of August/September. Hopefully there will be a good response. I'd really like to tour across Canada, but I don't think many people would come out to the shows.

You often play with FCB. Tell us more about your relationship with him. And what is Kimonophonic?

FCB, a.k.a. Frederick, is a fellow Canadian who is also living in Tokyo. We met a couple years ago and soon realized we have similar (but different) musical ideas going on. Frederick makes wicked good electronic... it's pretty electric but never wanky like the word "electric" implies. He does a many styles of electronic music, and it all rocks.

Kimonophonic a.k.a. Justin is another Canuck living in Guelph, Ontario. He makes crazy lo-fi junk shop electronic. Crappy drum machines, secondhand shop synths, chopped up noise on minddiscs. His stuff is all over the map—quiet, melodic stuff to booty bass. He's working on a hip-hop record now.

How did you come up with the name 6955?

6955kHz is a common frequency used by shortwave radio pirates. I love radio, but I'm not a ham. I love shortwave radio. I listen to AM stations from really far away, and scanning is fun too... listening to people being idiots on cell phones is great, calling chatlines and shit: "Hey baby, wassup? What are you wearing?" Anyway, radio is an amazing magical thing.

What do you listen to at home?

Everything. A lot of rock. Right now a lot of mid '90s Creation stuff: Ride, Swervedriver, My Bloody Valentine. I'm digging the Faint and the Hives a lot right now too. When I'm making music I only listen to rock because listening to electronic music fucks me up. I've been becoming electronic for the past few weeks while I work on my new CD.

What are your plans for 6955 for the next couple of years?

A new CD is out in mid-August on 555, then hopefully some more vinyl releases, and more shows. I'd like to go through Europe, but that might be a little unrealistic. Musically speaking, I've got some new ideas I want to explore, not necessarily with a Gameboy.

Who else out there is doing music like you?

Well, there are people making Gameboy music, but I'd have to say that I sound far different than most of the Gameboy music. It's a lot noisier, more rock. Gameboy rock.

How would you describe your music in words?

Noisy electronic music—but not at all like digital hardcore—with a Henry's Dress/Eric's Trip aesthetic. Lo-fi.

What is it like making music in Tokyo? What is happening there now?

For me, Tokyo is a good place to be for this musical project. I can take a train to Akihabara (the electronic epicenter of the universe), and find all the parts I need. And there are a billion game shops there. Musically speaking, there's a lot going on here, but not much jaw-dropping, amazingly good stuff. A lot of copy bands... playing live is a pain—expensive venues, bad sound systems, retarded staff and management.

How did you get hooked up with 555 records?

I mailed a bunch of demos out, but I didn't get replies from about 90% of labels. Stewart from Boyracer/555 sent me an email about five months after I sent the demos out. He wanted to release the demo as it was, on vinyl. It was pretty surprising. I ended up removing a few songs, adding a couple newer ones, but it's nearly the same as the original demo. The LP came out in December 2001.

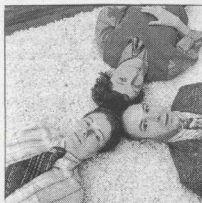
What is your affiliation with Catmobile Records?

Catmobile actually contacted me first, shortly after I sent them a demo. They're going to release something sometime. They've got their hands full now.



6955

The Quails are a hot trio out of San Francisco, California, featuring Julianna Bright (Electrolettes, Red Eye) on drums, Jen Smith on guitar and Seth Lorinczi (ex-The Vile Cherubs, ex-The Evolution Revolution, ex-Circus Lupus) on bass, with all three lending their voices to the effort. Their debut album, *We Are the Quails* was released a few months ago, and they have a song on the Kill Rock Stars compilation *Fields and Streams*. This interview was conducted by email.



DISCORDER: Could you introduce yourself? How did you meet each other?

Julianna: The Quails are Jen, who plays guitar and sings, Seth who plays bass guitar and sings and me, Julianna who plays drums and sings. So Seth and Jen met through the punk scene in Washington, DC when they were mere teens, almost 15 years ago... when Seth had hair.

In 1997, my old band, the Electrolettes, went on tour with Jen's variety show, the Cha-Cha Cabaret. I have to confess to being a pretty shy person before this trip and not having so many friends. Jen was huge to me! She practically beat the crap out of this jock in Chico on the first night of our tour. And so smart, and politically-minded, and fucking funny. I just hadn't met anyone like her before and I really wanted to be her friend. As luck would have it, Jen and I moved in together in San Francisco, into a tiny little flat that had little to recommend it beyond a decent-sized kitchen. Seth had recently graduated from cooking school and the three of us would frequently convene in this kitchen to sample his incredible cooking and listen to new wave records and dance in our socks. Then we decided to play music together to get out in the world. We're nerds, really. The Quails are a story of three terminal, passionate dorks finding one another.

I've read that your name comes from a store in San Francisco. Could you explain the name's significance?

The store in SF is called Never Ending Quails. It's a live poultry shop in Chinatown. The name of the place stood out to us when we passed it on our bikes or on the bus because of its beautiful sign. But it turns out the quail is the California state bird as well. And they're kind of nervous and maybe a little clumsy, traits the band The Quails can't relate to at all.

You were in Vancouver recently as a part of a short west coast tour with the No-No's. How did the rest of the tour go? Did you dance your asses off every night?

The rest of the tour was super fun. We played the very best show of the tour (aside from Vancouver, of course) at our favorite, super fav home homo bar, the SF Eagle. Jen, in fact, danced her ass off the ground, hoisted onto the shoulders of two of our stronger friends, guitar and all! Oh man, it was awesome! Seth's amp got freaked, Julianna's drumset got freaked, which isn't easy. It was perfect, sexy mayhem.

At that show you played a lot of songs that aren't on the album. How much new material do you have? Are you headed to the studio any time soon?

Many of the songs we played in Vancouver will be on the album that's due out in just a few weeks, called *Atmosphere*. We recorded that record in December last year. We're going to be touring a lot in the coming months which will leave little time for writing, but we have several new songs already and we've talked about trying to record again at the beginning of 2003.

As far as I could tell, one of the new songs sung by Julianna had a Smiths quote in it. Is this correct? Any significance to quoting Morrissey?

Sure, we're fans of the Moz. The song I sing that lyric in is a protest song. There's always the potential for an eye-rolling response you know, when you write political songs. None of us wants to be perceived as a caricature of some washed-up, maudlin songsmith. So I suppose it pokes some fun at that caricature, in the midst of an angry, hopeful anthem.

Two of the songs at the show really stood out for me: "More Gender, More of the Time" and "Yr Heart is a Muscle the Size of a Fist, Keep Lovin', Keep Fighting." To me, they seem pretty representative of the message or philosophy you have. Could you tell us about those songs?

"More Gender, More of the Time" comes from an essay our friend Dean Spade wrote on being a tranny boy in the face of so many assumptions regarding gender and sexual practice. (You can find the essay, "Cocksure," on makezine.org, a great political resource on the web.) So the song goes "We want full freedom and participation, for all comers and configurations." It's about freedom, specifically sexual freedom, and freedom from confining gender rules. And it's also about being an ally to rule breakers on these fronts. The chorus from "Yr Heart is a Muscle the Size of a Fist" comes from a sticker Jen's roommate had on her door. Jen wanted to make it into a song after this same roommate and her date were hassled on the street for holding hands. So the chorus is an encouragement to our pals, and frankly, ourselves. The verse is an argument with the harasser: "Say your little piece. I'll dodge your boring lies, and lock fingers with my friend, little lovers will rise."

Seth, when you lived in Washington, DC you played in a bunch of bands with very different sounds than the Quails. How do you find playing with a much poppier band? Is it a San Francisco thing?

Seth: I'm not sure if San Francisco has anything to do with it, especially as I hooked up with one of my oldest DC friends for this band. But I'll admit that some of the bands I played in back in DC were overtly "anti-pop." When I try to describe the music I play—both then and now—I use my friend Alec MacKaye's explanation: It's not so much that it's rock, or punk, or whatever you want to call it. It's more what it's NOT: The mainstream, insincere, boring.

What was it like recording with Tim Green?

Seth: Predictably incredible. I have a special perspective on Tim: We've been friends since I was three years old. Back then, we would listen to Monkees records, and sometimes destroy the records we didn't like (I think Wings fell into this category). Hands down, Tim has the best musical mind of anyone I've ever met. He makes recording effortless; I'm pretty obsessive about bass sounds, but when we record I let him take care of everything and I never regret it.

Julianna and Jen, you have put out several zines and Seth, you were in a film recently. How do these other art forms relate to your work with music?

It's exciting to do creative work. Painting, cooking, knitting, writing, sewing, music. We all suffer from a panoply of interests, so it's lucky to have something like a band to focus our energies into. And in the end it opens doors to the other stuff. Because, of course, you need art for your record jacket, or essays for the zine you want to take on tour, or handsome matching outfits to wear to the show, or delicious snacks for your friend's art opening, or some knit wristbands to spice up your crapped-out thrift store clothes.

Is there anything else you'd like the readers of DISCORDER to know about?

We'll be playing Ladyfest San Francisco and DC in July and August. The DC show will kick off a short tour on the East Coast. And we were graciously asked to join Sleater-Kinney on tour this September and October. You can find out the dates for those shows on the KRS website. Speaking of websites, we're finally getting ours together. You'll find us, appropriately, at <http://thequails.com>. We're hoping to feature lots of friends' work on the site, and to have links to lots of inspiring addresses. Also, as mentioned above, the new record will be released in August. We may or may not sell it through the website, but we'll have links to places you can find it.

And finally, when do you think you might be in Vancouver next? Seth, as soon as we are invited back ASAP! I used to play in Canada 10-odd years ago and have missed it since. Like my friend Ralf said: "They're just like us... but they're Canadian!"

The Quails

by Duncan McHugh

I overheard this conversation at the Piccadilly Pub during New Music West this year:

"Did you manage to see The Cinch? I've never heard of them before, but they were amazing." "Yep. I'm glad I made it here. Everyone told me to check them out."

The two people carrying out that discussion were not from Vancouver; otherwise they would know more about the band they just saw. The Cinch is one of the hardest-working acts in town, playing more shows than just about anybody else, and converting listeners to fans with their fun brand of rock and roll. The band's first big break came when they won CTR's SHINDIG! in 2000. Their competition that year included the likes of Operation Makeout, Witness Protection Program, and Trail vs. Russia. Their victory was no small feat. With a new five-song EP topping the charts at CTR, I spent a good part of one Friday night chatting with all five members of The Cinch: Kathy Dubé (guitar, vocals), Mark Epp (guitar, vocals), CC Rose (drums), Jennifer Smyth (vocals, percussion, guitar), and Geoff Thompson (bass).

DISCORDER: Tell me about the history of the band, like how you guys got started.

Mark: How many years ago did it start? Three? Four years ago?

Kathy: [Laughs] It did not!

Jennifer: [To Kathy] How long have you been back?

Kathy: Ah, three years. Three years, yes.

Mark: Me and Jen and Kathy got together acoustically and did a couple of open mics. We always kind of knew we wanted to go electric, so we started looking for people to play with. First we have Matt from the Nasty On playing bass for us, and a guy named Todd that played in a lot of bands playing drums. And then Matt quit to do Nasty On full time, and then we got Geoff, but before that we got CC on drums. And then we recorded an EP, which sort of came out in May, and this is where we are right now.

You were the grand champion of CTR's SHINDIG! in 2000. What did you think of the whole experience?

Kathy: It was really good for us because at the time we just got CC. So all of a sudden we were getting performance experience. And we kept coming back and winning rounds. [Laughs]

Mark: We're just really happy to have a place to play.

Kathy: Yeah, it was awesome.

Jennifer: It was a real shock. We didn't know. We didn't think we were going to win.

Really?

Jennifer: No.

Kathy: We were outside smoking and when they announced the winners we were like "No."

Jennifer: We didn't believe it. No way.

Kathy: Trail vs. Russia.

Jennifer: They were great.

Mark: They were so good. Great band.

Kathy: And Operation Makeout. And Joel.

Jennifer: They were all amazing.

CC: And we had just got together.

Mark: Yeah, our first SHINDIG! show was CC's first show.

And your new EP was recorded using the free studio time from winning SHINDIG!?

Kathy: Yes, at Mushroom Studios.

Mark: We did four songs at Mushroom, and we did one song at the Hive. There're five songs on the EP. It's just a short one.

How did you like recording in a studio?

Mark: It was the first time for us in a studio. We were so overwhelmed at first. It was such a nice room.

Kathy: So fancy, we didn't want to leave.

Jennifer: They have really good video games. Playstation!

Mark: And they were super nice people. All the people at Mushroom were just awesome.

The album came out on Stutter Records. Can you tell me about that?

Kathy: It's affiliated with the Nasty On. Jason and Allen created the label called Stutter, and they asked us if we want to be a part of it. We loved their band, and Notes From Underground joined too. And we are kind of sticking together.

Mark: It's a lot of just working together as bands, but Jason and Allen are spearheading a lot of it and doing a lot of stuff to get it going.

You guys play very often around town.

Jennifer: Every couple of weeks.

Is playing so often something that you wanted to do? Are you worried about over-saturation?

Kathy: I think we accept shows when we really want to play with a certain band. And we really love performing. And we learn a lot when we perform. But we are at a point now where I think we're going to choose maybe less shows because we want to play more out of town.

Jennifer: And have time to write new songs.

Have you toured outside of Vancouver?

Mark: Kamloops and Vernon.

Jennifer: It was this warehouse in Kamloops. All-ages. It was the first time we played out of town and our first all-ages show. And the second night we played at a house party in Vernon. It was a lot of fun.

Mark: Kamloops was my sweetest show to date.

Jennifer: You were wet in every picture.

Mark: It was 35 degrees or something in Kamloops that day. It was just HOT.

Are you going to be touring soon?

Kathy: Probably going to be small little ones.

Mark: At the end of this year.

How far are you going to go?

Kathy: Probably the States, Seattle, we have some contacts there. And Victoria.

Mark: Definitely Edmonton and Calgary. Just sort of do mini-tours for now. We want to do some recording in August with Jay from the Spitfires. We are going to work on our full length and hope to have that out early next year.

You have songs written for your next album already?

Jennifer: Almost.

Mark: Under the go. A couple more.

When people talk about your music, they often compare you to the Velvet Underground. Any comments on that?

Jennifer: Thank you. [Everyone laughs]

Kathy: There is definitely an influence for sure. We have a lot of influences. What kind of influences? Anything in particular that you draw from?

Kathy: I think we listen to a bit of everything; whatever comes out is what it is. We don't try to be anything.

Mark: I think we all sort of bring in different influences. We all like the Velvets, and things like the Stooges, and, you know, the Pixies. There are obvious things that we all like. But then everyone sort of drops in different areas. I come from a lot of the '80s stuff like The Cure and Echo and the Bunnymen, that sort of stuff. And then Kathy knows her R&B a lot more, like Tina Turner and just good old R&B stuff. Jen knows the words to every song ever written. She knows every show tune. Any musical that's on TV—she'll sing along.

Jennifer: [Laughs] I don't know how I do that.

Mark: It's incredible. And CC's got the metal edge. She's now actually reading the Mötley Crüe book. Geoff's got the very classic background. He knows his Zeppelin and DC and Motorhead, but he is very indie-spirited. So yeah, I guess it all sort of comes together. We don't fight too much over the stereo.

When not doing interviews with DISCORDER Magazine, what do you usually do on a Friday night?

Kathy and Jennifer: Practice.

CC: Maybe catch a show after that.

Kathy: And maybe drink a beer.

Okay. That was not the exciting answer that I was looking for.

Kathy: [Laughs] Oh, we got nothing.

CC: Parachuting?

Jennifer: Yeah, we go parachuting and bungee jumping. [Laughs]

Let's try this then: If the Cinch did not exist, what would you be doing?

Jennifer: I'd probably be in front of a mirror at home with my hairbrush singing into it.

CC: I'd probably be a one-man band. I'd probably have a drums tour. Just go solo.

Geoff: I'd like to work with children. [Everyone laughs]

Kathy: I knew he was going to make something up like that.

Mark: I'd still just be doing four-track stuff and things like that.

Kathy: Lonely. I'd be lonely.

CC: Kathy would be sitting at home drinking beer. Crying in her beer.

Kathy: Saying "Why can't I be with a band?"

Is there anything that you want to tell our readers?

CC: Come see us live.

Jennifer: Yeah.

Mark: Yeah, and you can dance to us. It's okay. *



The Cinch

Interview by Ben Lai
Photos by Andrea A.

Bottleneck is a new band with a recently-released CD which sets itself squarely in the alt-country/Americana camp. Its members have been active on the local roots scene for many years. Two members of Bottleneck (Scott Smith and Jeremy Holmes) backed up Butch Murphy in a former incarnation of Bughouse Five and, with drummer Liam MacDonald, continue to exercise their considerable playing chops most Saturday afternoons at the Railway Club Jams.

DISORDER: chatted with Robyn Carrigan and Scott Smith, Bottleneck's vocalists and songwriters, and took a run at penetrating the ethereal veil of the songwriting process.

bottleneck

DISORDER: Who wants to field the "history" question?

Scott: Guess I will. Robyn and I met when we used to play in Auburn — I still play in that band. While I was still in Bughouse Five I had this catalogue of songs that were very personal, things that couldn't really be done in that band. Butch Murphy's a great lyricist, anyway. I needed a band to do this stuff, so I asked Robyn, and also asked Jeremy, who was also in Bughouse Five, and Liam, who I knew from the jams at the Railway. It started very casually, a gig every once in a while, and when we started recording this CD I thought we had something really good, something that should be our focus. As the band went along, Robyn started taking a bigger role. I originally thought it would just be my songs, but then I realized she has all these great songs and it'd be stupid not to use them. So you both write—did you divvy it up half-and-half, or use the strongest songs when you recorded the album?

Scott: I think we used the strongest songs. Live, we were doing about 60/40 and that's what came out on the CD. We co-wrote one tune, "Hate To See You Cry."

Robyn: Even though we don't co-write as a rule, I think we influence each other. Our songwriting styles are quite compatible. Since I've joined the band I've written specifically in a Bottleneck style, as opposed to songs I write for myself.

The first piece I ever wrote was called "The Picnic." It consisted of starting out in the treble keys of the piano (the lovely sunny day part) and gradually working down to the bass end of the piano for the storm part, then back up again when the sun comes out. I was about four. I mentioned this to another musical friend, who informed me they had written the same song with their sister called "Birds and Thunder." I started with lyrics at about age eight when my friend Brenda O'Brien and I wrote a musical comedy called the Farkel Family, based on something she saw on *Saturday Night Live*, about a very obese family who consumed and threw a lot of cream pies.

Since then, I've had many bands—Daisy Duke, Robyn Carrigan Band, and played solo. What I found in Auburn was that, with Scott, the melody lines we would pick would be the same, or we'd play them in harmony at the same time, so I thought we had a sympathetic musical ear.

How about you, Scott? Have you been writing songs a long time?
Scott: In Grade 8 I started writing songs. I always sang them, but I never had much confidence in my voice. It's only in the last few years that I'm becoming known as a singer, instead of just a guitar player. Bughouse Five is probably the most recognizable band I was in. I played with Mac Pontiac, Pete Turland Band, Auburn, and I played with the Surfdrummers way back.

Robyn, you're from Nova Scotia. Did you have that East Coast kitchen party thing going on in your childhood?

Robyn: Yes, there was a lot of music in my family, in the house. I also had classical piano training, did Royal Conservatory, went to university and studied voice. In Pictou County where I grew up, at least within my family, music was considered to be a really important thing, and was strongly encouraged. I had both sides of it: the Celtic/coun-

try side, and also the classically trained stuff, along with pop music. Scott, you grew up here. Were there a lot of musicians in your family?
Scott: Not that I know of. I think I had a great-uncle who was a jazz musician. I grew up in Burnaby, started playing guitar when I was 12. Rock and roll stuff, you know.

When did you get more into roots and country music?

Scott: I'd say through the Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan, who were favourites since grade 8. The first Rolling Stones songs I liked were the ones everybody likes, and then I started getting into the country ones, like "Dead Flowers," "Sweet Virginia." And that leads to Gram Parsons, and then Gram leads you to Merle Haggard, and that leads to bluegrass and it just goes on like that. After awhile you love all this music, and it all started off from liking this English rock band. Robyn: It was on the radio too, and my next-door neighbours were really into country music. My parents weren't into country music, my brothers influenced me with Simon & Garfunkel, Bob Dylan. Gordon Lightfoot was a huge idol of mine as a child. I'd go to my neighbours and listen to Merle Haggard, Loretta Lynn, George Jones—the music I wasn't allowed to listen to at home. It was the forbidden country music! [Laughs] That type of music has such great singers, so I was attracted to it for the singing, for the voices, the stories, the simple songs and the playing.

Do you find that the choice of your main instrument affects your songwriting, and do you have any set pattern in writing?
Robyn: I use the guitar as a writing tool, although voice is my "main instrument." For me, lyrics and melody often come together. I'll have a theme, or notion, about what I'd like to write about. Sometimes a turn of a phrase will come to me. Other times it's a hook. You know, you're playing along, and there's a melody. But they very often come at the same time.

Scott: I've written songs in a number of ways, but the ones that always end up the best are the ones where a hook line comes at the exact same time as the melody: either part of the chorus or part of the refrain. The ones where you try and put an idea that you want to say to music turn out okay, but they never turn out great. The ones where there's some element of luck involved are the good ones for me.

Another question about songwriting: are you scribbles? Do you sit and work at it, or do you want to be hit by inspiration?

Scott: If I don't have an idea, then I don't work on songs. I work on pedal steel, or dobro, or something else that I need to work on. But if I have an idea for a tune, melody, bit of lyric, then the pricing of the instrument stops and I work on that. That could just take a few hours or it could take a week to get that song done.

Robyn: I've written songs in lots of different ways and on lots of different instruments. Each instrument lends itself differently and has a potential for all these songs to come out. "High Prairie" on our album, for instance, is a banjo song. I don't think I would've written it on the guitar. I will, however, tool away at songs. I will write a song and keep it around for a while and play it. If I don't like it I won't necessarily discard it; I'll re-use part of the song for another song and recycle it.

Scott: Oh yeah, I do that too.

Robyn: I call it farm songs for the major songs—like farm teams for the major themes, you know? It's been fun working with Scott because he's a great sounding board. I'll play a song that I won't be crazy about, and he'll pick out something about it that he likes. So it gives me inspiration to keep at a song if there's something to hold on to. However, that being said, the best songs I've written have come out of really dramatic situations and very intense experiences. When you have those, it's not something you can recreate or reproduce. Your heart gets broken again and boom, out come all these wonderful songs.

You've just answered part of my next question about what inspires you.

Robyn: Yes, bad relationships! Or just that exploration of emotion and self, and the human quest for evolution.

Scott: Everything on our CD pretty much was written from the "dramatic situation" standpoint. However, "Joy Woods" was inspired by my work at a youth detention centre, a prison for 13 to 18 year olds. That tune is a composite of stories I've heard there. There's no guy named Joy Woods—I couldn't name him under the Young Offenders Act anyway—but he's a real person in that everything in that tune is something that somebody's said to me. I wanted people to hear that experience. What you read in the paper is usually just about how young offenders should get more time [in jail] and somehow that'll magically rehabilitate them and magically stop crime. The reality is that most young offenders in jail are kids from foster homes, kids who are addicted to drugs... most of them have been sexually and physically abused.

Have you ever played that song for the kids you work with?

Scott: I played it for some of them. One girl said: "Yup, that's it."



by val cormier

That's probably the biggest compliment I've ever got on one of my songs.

Do you draw on experiences of others, or do you tend to keep it more personal?

Robyn: On this album, I think most of the songs are relationship oriented, although "Abilene" is actually about missing Nova Scotia. And it came to me in a dream, that one: Dave Alvin and Alejandro Escovedo were standing on either side of a hospital bed. I was lying in the bed, and they were singing this song to me. I woke up and I wrote this song. Then, a couple of years later, Dave Alvin came out with an album, *Blackjack David*, with a different song called "Abilene" on it. Wasn't that weird! And here's another strange thing: Abilene makes almost a perfect equilateral triangle between Vancouver and Nova Scotia on the map.

I've written other songs—not on this album—about Nova Scotia. I wrote about the Westray mining disaster because my neighbour's husband was killed in it. At one point I wrote quite a few politically-oriented songs that were from a personal viewpoint. But they're not all autobiographical. Most of my songs have other people crying on my shoulders, telling me things. It's a combination of all the relationships and situations, you draw a little bit from everything.

What other songwriters do you currently admire?

Scott: Ron Sexsmith. He's my favourite songwriter right now. For a few years now.

Robyn: For a while I was listening to a lot of Iris Dement and Lucinda Williams. Matthew Sweet, because I like poppy things too. I like old Kinks. Because I play the accordion, I listen to a lot of old-time music. Local songwriters influence me, too: Flophouse Jr., Jeanne Tolmie, Linda MacRae, Shelley Campbell. We all hear each other's songs all the time. Neko Case is a goddess!

Scott: Rich Hope, Butch Murphy. Both great songwriters.

What are your thoughts on the local scene? Is there really a scene? Too many winners?

Robyn: Musicians will always win, of course, anywhere you go. That's probably the nature of being artistic. I think the scene in Vancouver is fantastic. The only thing I would whine about is the lack of live venues. And going out to see live music is not generally a huge cultural draw in Vancouver because it's very sporty, a newer city. But I think it's a musician's job, in a way, to make themselves popular. You have to inspire people and entertain them.

Scott: One thing I've found is that there's nothing to be gained from putting other bands down or being competitive with each other. The more you praise other bands that you genuinely love, the more it just helps everybody. If I tell people how great Radiogram or Flophouse Jr. are, I'll do that. I wouldn't refrain from doing that because they might steal my gig. If we work together and help each other out, then everybody benefits. At a lot of our gigs, it's mostly musicians. We go see bands we like, then they come and see us, and so on. •

Bottleneck's upcoming gigs include Grizfest (Tumbler Ridge) August 2-4, the Railway Club August 14, and the W.I.S.E. Hall September 14.

<http://bottleneckband.tripod.com>



Prewitt's Dark Horses

by Nic Bragg

"In Archer you have it all—mystique, wit, and liberation." —Francis Azul

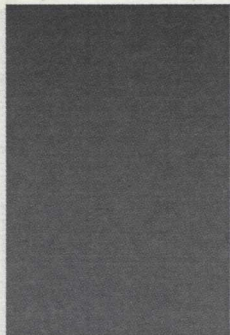
"Some praise today's singer-songwriters for turning phrases and having all the pretty chord changes. Certainly this talent can garner such extol, but I do not court such folly! Instead, I slept by the river Prewitt and it swept over me." —Jonathan Mannet

"Chicago native Archer Prewitt was raised on a diet of Catfish and Crawlers, for his songs are informed by the beauty below the mud of today's popular music." —PJ Henderson

"Archer Prewitt (The Cocktails, The Sea and Cake) has just completed his third solo outing—his first under the Thrill Jockey Records banner! *Three* is the moveable feast served to the exquisite corpse before the new wine." —Nino Piero

"I see some kind of Calvino-esque thing happening here. Like a mirror reflecting an invisible possibility—true, utopia is no place—but its birds know these songs." —Colette A.

"Look beyond the triviality of modernity, for there are the grasses and greens on which *Three's* dark horses graze! Praise him." —Georgina Wyatt



DISCORDER: Based on the quantity of personnel cropping up on your record, one would think you had an open door policy running with the studio. How were the songs on *Three* hammered out?

Archer Prewitz: The band now comprises four people: Mark Greenberg, Dave Max Crawford, Chris Manfrin and myself. We had most of the material worked up for shows and tours and it was solid. Steve Goulding had written drum parts for more than half the material before moving to New York, so he was flown in to play those songs. The basics for 16 songs were done in less than three days and then the month long process of recording vocals and numerous overdubs were done off the studio clock at Mark's Mayfair studio/garage where we share a load of mics and equipment. Max and I worked long hours every day to make the deadline for Thrill Jockey. It was exhilarating to have an obsessive partner to work with. We had a great time. Mark helped a lot when he could. The guitarists, horns and vocalists came in at different times and did their parts. No isolation booth made for very intimate relaxed sessions. The strings were recorded at King Size the first day of meltdown with Paul Mertens conducting his arrangements fresh off the plane from England where he toured with Brian Wilson. Very exciting stuff.

The arrangements on *Three* are neither spartan nor overwrought. I think especially of the flutes on "Two Can Play" and the stuff off "No Defense" and "Behind Your Sun." Was there any temptation to over use the talents of Paul Mertens, or at the onset were you hoping for a fine balance?

I like to use arrangements sparingly. I wanted organ and other more humble sounds for the bulk of the record. The songs that want a bigger sound seem to demand it. But we went into the thing with only a few songs getting the grand treatment.

Congrats on "Sister Ice"—that is something nice.

Thank you. Many people like that one. Kelly and Nora made it for me. I heard ladies singing on that from the beginning. I've been doing falsetto for years when we play it live.

On *Three's* final number "The Day To Day" you drop the phrase "terminate your charms." One gets the sense that you really pin down your themes for this last track. Some time has passed since the recordings; the ideas have taken flight to roost with the listener. How has your perception of the record changed as you've seen things reach fruition?

The record takes on a life once the proper sequence has been arrived at. It feels right. And then the placement sets up a flow of moods

and the lyrics take on new significance. Sort of like binding a booklet of short stories, I guess. I could fuss over the songs for a while longer or remix a few, but I'm happy with the thing as a whole. The pop psychologist is fascinated by the notion of the b-side. Traditionally, the darker side of the singer-songwriter is felt on the flipside. The subconscious? Well, we now know this is probably a leap; however, outsider culture tends to revere this dark freedom. What is *Three's* potential b-side? A cover?

We had a song mixed and ready for the album, but it just didn't fit with the others. It's called "We Go Alone" and it's darker for sure. I don't know what we'll do with it. I like it enough to want to release it in the future.

I ran some background checks, called the numbers and read the critical press. Most praise you as a soul giving to the future, a man out of this time. I find this a bit depressing. What do you say to those that imagine you more influential 20 years from today?

Well, I'll be old then, won't I? I don't need to be influential. I'd like to be heard by a few more people, but I don't have grand ambitions for world recognition. That's just not going to happen. I'm flattered by the "soul giving to the future" line. Oh my. I'll just keep working and let the people say or listen as they may.

The role of the singer-songwriter is so historically informed. You are either a nature boy who stumbled out of the woods, and onto the stage, or the (east) village bard taking the cultural temperature. How does the construction impact you?

I like reading and talking about the legends rather than forming my own. Canonization is out of style. The music industry does not want any more canons—they have enough long-range guns. There is an established elite of songwriters, an American voice. Music is a fleeting art form. Agree or disagree.

Style is fleeting; the dressing of the flesh of music. Popular music is always draped in the sound of the times. The elite seem to write great songs (or serviceable ones) and dress them in the production of the day.

Occasionally someone will define the style to come and if it strikes them most follow. It is heartening to think of the music on the radio as fleeting.

The phrase "well-mannered" comes up with notable frequency amongst Prewitt debaters. Songwriters of a certain school thrive on antagonism—Lou at his best taking aim with the New York Streets, Cale at his best taking aim at Lou, Chilton fuelled by spite for the industry, etc.—are you free from it?

I'm not having the chip on the shoulder. I find it tedious and a waste of energy. I keep up my guard and if pushed will react in an aggressive way if I must. I try not to. What's the point? I wish Alex Chilton would write some good songs again and quit trying to maintain this stance of contempt. I get angry when I think about it. Ah, let him be.

I was interested by the reference to Roy Harper cropping up somewhere in your biography. Some argue his seminal moment was his "Another Day." How does your own ode "Another Day" sit beside his? Both are open to interpretation, but bonds breaking never sounded so sweet. I particularly like the dramatics of your last verse—the gorgeous crescendo praising "lightness" Has this number been in your songbook for long?

Thank you. It is a fairly new song formed from a fragment of an ancient song that I never wanted to let go. I love Harper's "Another Day." It's a haunting masterpiece. I actually didn't know his title until after I titled mine. I just listened. Ah well, it's a good title and good ones can be put to use more than once. I don't feel my "ode" can sit beside his. Perhaps they could relax in the same room.

I'll be frank. There is a certain sadness that hits when I think about Roy Harper. He seems like an odd fellow, and I can't dissociate him from that album jacket with him embracing a tiger rug. An ironic image? The last embrace with a lost lover, or a portrait self parody for a singer-songwriter living the highlife. His muse burned out quick. I can't imagine you courting the highlife. An odd genius, yes. Thankfully. Too rich for the blood of the masses. Too erratic. My muse have gone to some extremes at times. One never knows what could come with the high life. It may be interesting to be very financially set. It may be a nightmare. My leaning is to keep it lean.

Actors relish the role of the foil. The foil is the dark horse. The contrasting character that sparks the plot when the protagonist falters. Some have argued you work as a foil to Prekop in Sea and Cake. Thoughts?

I don't cultivate my personality for public consumption. We are friends.

The week your record came out, I was invited to dine with some friends. The meal was sumptuous, but more importantly, your name came up in association with tennis. The hosts argued that your rogue stylings were based on '40s star Berliner Morgenpost. This is bunk, and I will save you the retorts. Have you ever played or do you follow the game?

I've volleyed in younger days. Don't know the first thing about the sport (or any sports for that matter). I like unstructured ball. A game of 21. That I can handle. Can't hit the hoop, but it's fun trying. And conversation must have hit quite a lull for that to come up over a meal!

David Grubbs is literally back up in the saddle with the amazing Ricketts and Scurry. It is nice to see him extolling the virtues of a more progressive pop production. What is your relation to this school?

Well, everyone seems to intimate that I'm anachronistic rather than progressive. I'd like to think of *Three* as taking more chances than in the past, and that has a lot to do with collaboration and growth through process. I like to make things sound fresh and exciting in the production end of things. The songs tell you what they need. Chicago has a history of craftsmen—a Frank Lloyd Wright attention to detail. Its music culture celebrates the architect spirit to assemble collaborative trades, all working towards the grand edifice. Chicago has successfully divorced itself from New York and LA. Do you ever see yourself moving away from her Eden?

Interesting anomalies you have! I don't see myself leaving for some time. I just bought a house here. I love Chicago. It's a no-nonsense working town with few pretensions. It's also the murder capital of the US.

Laura Nyro recorded her first record at 18. That is pretty wild really. The only 18 year olds recording today are those orphaned to the mass industry. At what age did you produce your first recording—your first real flirtation with giving of yourself?

I think I was 21 or 22 when a recording was committed to vinyl. 18 for cassette.

I am interested in the background to your Gerroa Songs recordings. Was producing the EP part of your vacation plans?

Yes. The whole story is roughly recounted on the packaging. My friends Monica and Tony had graciously set the whole thing up. Very good people over there. A wonderful time. Half the days swimming and cooking and then recording. The first song developed on the spot with a brief jam. Lovely giant old house overlooking the ocean that supposedly was a nunnery at one time.

Was the nunnery part of the national trust heritage sites? Gerroa Songs seems so sparse compared to *White Sky*. How did the space affect the results?

Apparently not, as it seems the building is to be torn down. But yes, it is sparse recording. We used the ambience to our benefit. Lots of room sound. The atmosphere helped inform the songs. I chose to do songs that would work on a more stripped down scale. Guitar and voice.

I get the impression you have integrated art/music production into your daily routine. Do you work on numerous projects simultaneously?

Yes. Always have. My mother is like this as well, with long lists of daily errands and priorities. I'm fairly restless and I don't do so well on extended vacations. I'm not manic, however.

A Scottish playwright recently completed a play called *Sof Boy* about a school lad given a rough ride. The title refers to British slang "soft touch" as someone who can run with the punters and hand men. How did your *Sof Boy* comic come about? Is it still on the drafting table?

I first started printing *Sof Boy* to be peripherally a part of a comic art show in Chicago. Some of my heroes were in the show. I served wine and had my "minis" available. Dan Clowes, Gary Leeb, Chris Ware and others were very kind with their encouragement and I went on to make a second issue. This got the attention of Drawn & Quarterly and Fantagraphics. I went with D&Q and am desperately trying to finish the long overdue third issue. Perhaps out this summer or early fall. What can you tell us of *One Bedroom*, the forthcoming *Sea and Cake* release?

It's feeling good to me. I've been listening to the finished thing. An odd beast. Kind of a marriage of *The Fawn* and *Out*. Some programming and postproduction and attention to details makes for a very hi-fi album. And Sam's voice and lyrics are really fine. There's a Bowie cover to end the thing. I'm happy with it and puzzled by it. Thankfully.

See you in the countryside. Take care.

Bye. •



punk for the rest of her life: an interview with Bratmobile's Allison Wolfe by Chris Eng

DISORDER: Two of the songs on your new album—"Shop For America" and "United We Don't"—address the change of attitude in America, post 9-11. Not only that, but they carry an attitude that runs completely contrary to the one in the popular media. How has it gone over?

Allison: You got it. I find that at our shows, people are really psyched about those songs. I mean, we've only been playing "Shop For America" live, but as time goes on I think people more and more are finally not being afraid to express that they know what Bush is up to is total bullshit. You can't believe the hype. The media's parroting the current administration, which is completely right-wing. They totally took advantage of this tragedy—of all these people dying—and have been using it to exploit their right-wing agenda and to push all sorts of "1984" policies right through. It's really scary—I think we're living in a really scary time—especially living in Washington, DC where it's pretty conservative. People just ate that shit up. They bought it hook, line and sinker, and to me it was such an obvious lie. I couldn't believe how flag-waving cowboys were running amok all over DC and the US. I couldn't believe it. It was almost laughable except it was scary. And so, I just felt, as an artist of some sort and being in a band, the least we could do was write a song about it. I mean if you're not just absolutely rioting in the streets about it the least you can do is write a song. And I've been going to protests, and I've been spray-painting, and I've been wheat-pasting, you know? But we have to do a whole lot more. There's people like Michael Moore and Howard Zinn and Noam Chomsky, and a lot of people speaking out about it that I'm really grateful for, but I think we need a lot more musicians speaking out and so, a friend of mine and I in DC, we've started a group called Bands Against Bush. It's pretty informal, but it's like "Rock Against Reagan"—we're trying to bring the whole "Rock Against Reagan" sentiments back.

As one of the bands that's credited for kick-starting Riot Grrrl, how hard was it to keep playing the same style of music after the movement started declining?

I guess it's been kind of hard because people try to treat everything like it's a fad, like it's a commodity. "Oh, it comes and goes; we buy it, we sell it; it's out, it's not; it has no value anymore." In this extreme capitalist economy, people's creative energy just turns into a commodity; it's really sad. And especially with Riot Grrrl—in a lot of ways it parallels or it means feminism. To me it meant young, punk rock feminism. So it's like, how could feminism just be a fad? If sexism is a fad, then I don't think that feminism can be the answer to it; it's not easy. So yeah, it's been kind of hard, especially in the late-'90s when everything became "singer/song-writer" and "sophistication" and "shoe-gazer" and whatever—it was a hard time to exist. At that time, Erin and I were doing Cold Cold Hearts and then we started Bratmobile again, and a lot of people are weird about the minimalism, but I think that's cool and I just want to be a stripped-down punk rock band. I think that's cool. And I think we have changed over the years—people try to say "Oh, they're just the same," and it's like, "No, we're not." If you

Mainstream culture's biggest mistake with Riot Grrrl was its assumption that after it had been given its moment in the sun, it would just have the good sense to roll over and die. Never was it proven more wrong than in the case of Bratmobile.

Eleven years after their first show, eight years after breaking up, and two years after re-forming (with all three of the original members—Allison Wolfe on vocals, Erin Smith on guitar, and Molly Neuman on drums), Bratmobile haven't returned as a pale shadow of a band, content to ride their reputation and sell a smattering of albums under the name they had established for themselves in the '90s. On the contrary, they are more focused, vitriolic and energized than ever; unapologetic activists and straight-up rockers. Higher production values and back-up musicians expanded the range of sound on their 2000 come-back album, *Ladies, Women and Girls* and proved to spectators that not every band that returned from Limbo was obliged to offer as pathetic and generally worthless a contribution as the Sex Pistols. Their new album, *Girls Get Busy* adds back-up vocals to the mix, keeps the politics current and kicks the living shit out of those who said that their come-back was bought with a ticket that read "Good For One Album Only."

Bratish children get accused of acting out and not playing by everyone else's rules; Bratmobile have made a career out of it. A decade ago they told the media they "ain't gonna be yr press darlings/I'd rather be fucked and throwin' things," this time out they're letting everyone know, "We don't listen to what you say... Girls make music, we're here to stay. Alright?"

Allright.

put the records right next to each other, it's not the same.

Your last two albums have showed a consistent swing toward more professional production, and, with the inclusion of Audrey on keyboards, a fuller sound. Were those intentional choices?

Yeah. Molly and I had the idea to start playing with Audrey, as of the last record, and I'm really into all these bands that are using keyboards now—I was always really into '80s music anyway, so it's kind of cool. I feel it gives it a more new-wave aspect which I've always been heavily influenced by. You know, bands like Bow Wow Wow, the Go-Go's—even though those didn't necessarily have keyboards. The Human League, Duran Duran. So it was really exciting to me, plus I've always wanted to have help with singing. I've always wanted someone to help me with backups, and Erin and Molly have great voices and they'll do it on the record, but I don't think they feel comfortable doing it live, so it's great to have Audrey helping out in that way—filling out the sound a little and making it a little bit different because I don't want to be resistant to change; I want to be a punk rock band, but I want us to be able to grow and change a little bit.

Feminism has already moved into a self-described "fourth wave" past the third wave that included Riot Grrrl. Bratmobile tends to get lumped in with third wave music, whereas Sleater-Kinney are held at the forefront of the fourth wave. Does it bother you that you're cubbyholed as a Riot Grrrl band while your friends and contemporaries are seen to have somehow moved past that?

Well, yeah, in a way it's weird because I think that the first wave of Bratmobile was influential to a lot of the bands who are so popular now, but Corin, who's in Sleater-Kinney, was also part of the whole Riot Grrrl thing; so was Kathleen, who's in Le Tigre. So in a lot of ways, sometimes people will pretend like we're old and those guys are new or young or something and it's like, "No, we were all there together." And, I mean, sure—we reformed and kept the same name, but I don't think the music we're doing is exactly the same. I also don't feel the need to be totally trendy and just keep up with the tempo. "Oh! Now we have to be sophisticated!" or "Now we have to have samples!" I mean, we have keyboards, but it's 'cause it's fun but it's still punk. I don't feel like we have to be a drum-machine band because to me it just wouldn't feel real; it wouldn't feel right. I mean, I'm fine with those bands doing it, but I think the media just tends to grab tokens. Like any marginalized group, they treat it like there's not enough room for all of us. There's only room for Sleater-Kinney! They are the only girl band that deserves any respect." or "Le Tigre is the only girl band that exists right now." And it's not fair to anyone. Those bands didn't ask for that characterization either.

In "I'm In The Band," you use the line, "And I'll be punk for the rest of my life." Will you be?

I think I might be. I don't get my butt back in grad school, I might have to be. [Laughs]

SHiNDiG

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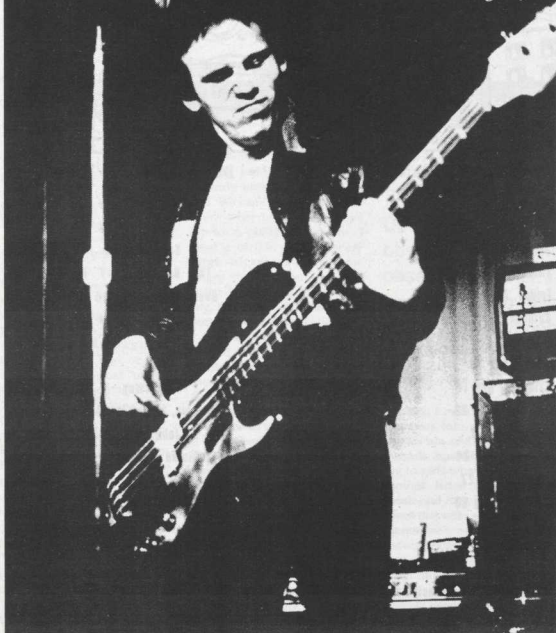
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Bumbershoot. The Merriam-Webster dictionary tells us it's a word which came into the English language sometime in the late 19th century as a combination of bumber (alteration of umbr- in umbrella) and shoot (alteration of -chute in parachute). It's basically another word for that Pacific Northwest implement known as the umbrella.

It's also the name of one of America's biggest and most vibrant arts festivals, described on their website as an "atragitious four day party where Carnivals meets Concert Hall... the greatest showcase of eclectic and excellent art, a place where 2,500 artists stalk the stages, grace the galleries and generally choreograph one of the most fun, wacky parties on the planet." Thirty-two years after its inception it's still going strong, and is, despite the sorry state of our currency, one of the best bangs for your concert-going buck this Labour Day weekend.

Of course "arts festival" implies the visual as well as the audio. It's all there, and it's all good. At Seattle Centre—oops, Center—the park around the Space Needle) there will be 20 stages and performance spaces, including a film festival, circus stage, b-boy break-dance stage, contemporary dance, comedy club, art galleries, poetry and literary stage, small press bookfair, electronica showcase, hands-on art for kids and adults, parades, spectacles and much more. (Whew.)

SOUND overwhelming? It can be, but it's a much mellower crowd than you'll find in many US cities. If you really hate crowds, there's still lots to do and see on the fringes of the site at the smaller venues.

For you Bumbershoot vets out there, there are a few new things to do and see. This year, admission to The Children's Museum is included in the cost of your ticket. (Go play with your inner child.) Admission to the nearly Experience Music Project museum will be half-price with a Bumbershoot ticket. (Go play instruments.) The Comedy Club, while not new, moves to the roomier Charlotte Martin Theater this year. CenterCircleSpin (new in 2001) returns and moves into the Snoqualmie Room to allow a larger audience to watch local b-boy and b-girl crews spin, pop, lock and groove.

I've noticed construction on the Seattle Center grounds during recent Emerald City visits, so I checked with Bumbershoot's media guy about that. Doug Cavarocchi replied: "The old Bumbershoot building was demolished shortly after last year's Bumbershoot. They are building a new structure there that will not be open inside during the Fest, but we will use the roof for a Polynesian-themed food, beverage and art area we call the Tiki Terrace. Mostly visitors will notice



BUMBERSHOOT 2002:

still rockin'
in the free world

by val cormier

how much bigger and greener the center of the park feels. The grounds should feel much less crowded as a result of this new open space."

I also asked him about what different security measures we might see, if any, this year, especially given the press Seattle received recently about being a prime terrorist target. "There will be changes," he said, "but not really anything that the visitor will notice. The big things your readers should know is that all bags are subject to search at the entrance to the Key Arena, and anywhere on the grounds for that matter, but there will be a definite search point at the Key, and that in general we are discouraging folks from bringing large bags with them."

Of course, Bumbershoot is best known for its jaw-dropping list of musical acts. Hundreds of them, from a large and diverse range of genres. Send grandma off to see Lou Reed while you chill with Blackalicious. Wyclef Jean to Wilco, Jerry Cantrell to Jewel—there really is something for almost everyone. On one day alone (September 1) you can see Everclear, jazz giants Ramsey Lewis Trio, very aging scenesters Dave Davies and Dave Edmunds, Lifeshouse, Sonic Youth, an Electro-deck electronica showcase, local heroes Modest Mouse, South African activist and author Breiten Breytenbach, roots rock faves Buddy and Julie Miller, the Antibalas Afrobeat Orchestra, superb songwriter John Wesley Harding, Austin darling Kelly Willis, almost-locals Death Cab for Cutie, and Linton Kwesi Johnson. (Whew again.)

Some advice from this hard-core B'shooter: pick one or two shows a day that you must see and would line up for. Line up for those early, dig the shows, and the rest of the day is absolute gravy. Try some of the smaller stages and especially the ones located near beer gardens. The beer's not great (when will they ever get a decent microbrew sponsor?), but the locals are friendly, and the onsite food vendors are yummy and fairly priced.

As with most festivals, smart planners can score a discount on advance tickets. Before August 23, four-day passes run at \$48. Even with the worst-case scenario ("Let's drive down to Seattle today, shall we?") you'll still only get dinged for \$20 at the gate for a single day ticket. Not bad for one of America's best-run and beloved urban arts festivals. See you there.

Bumbershoot takes place August 30 to September 2 at Seattle Center.
<http://bumbershoot.org>



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Thursday, Aug 15	Loose Acoustic
Friday, Aug 16	TBA
Saturday, Aug 17	Kingsway / Jani Jakovic
Thursday, Aug 22	Ranch Presents... Hometown, hosted by Shelley Campbell
Friday, Aug 23	John Gullak / Amy Honey
Saturday, Aug 24	Tom Holliston / Ford Pier / Daiel Lames
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under review

recorded media

CHE CHAPTER 127

Profit Prophet
(G7 Welcoming Committee)
With a clever homonym for a title, *Che Chapter 127*'s latest recording, *Profit Prophet*, delves into the dark world of political corruption, abuses of power and inequality. The album sleeve is peppered with anti-establishment contacts, *Adbusters*-type graphics, and empowering quotes from the likes of Che Guevara and Assata Shakur, who states, "I advocate revolutionary changes: an end to capitalist exploitation, the abolition of racist policies, the eradication of sexism and the elimination of political repression. If that is a crime, then I am totally guilty." This quote is an apt representation of the views expressed on *Profit Prophet*. Now I will discuss the music.

The chunky riffage is reminiscent of Tool and Deftones, with a squirt of punk ass shit. Crafted and rehearsed with diligent care, the sound field remains at a consistently high altitude of vigor, though I would like to suggest some

improvements. Though ram-bunctious vocalist Meegan Maultsайд sports a powerful set of lungs, she does not capitalize on the tonal variety offered by the human voice, the most dynamic musical instrument on earth. Undoubtedly concerned with intensity, Maultsайд expends a fair amount of time at the top of her smooth range, but song after song, I found myself dying to hear her voice distort naturally. It is an irre-placable tool of intensity for this type of music; just listen to the greats.

Doug Harrison

JON-RAE AND THE RIVER s/t (Independent)

Much to his girlfriend's amusement, a recent gig poster described Jon-Rae Fletcher as "brilliant and enigmatic." While the everyday toilet-using, beer-swilling, dirty-scock-wearing Jon-Rae may not live up to these monikers, his most recent recording certainly does. Fletcher's newest release is made up of six original songs that had been written long ago,

but never recorded. Here the positive effects of aging (think wine, cheese, women, etc.) are readily apparent. The songs are infused with the powerful combination of timelessness and maturity that typify the very best of alt-country. Jon-Rae describes his biggest influences as "a broken heart and a hopeful heart," but for those of us who are unfamiliar with his personal life, useful points of reference are Neil Young and the Palace Brothers. He is joined on this album by the River, a backing band composed of several Vancouver/Kelowna luminaries. While all the music was written by JR, a sense of cross-pollination is apparent, making this album incredibly warm, rich and organic-sounding. The old cliché about the whole being greater than the sum of its parts definitely holds true. Standout tracks include "The Dreamer," in which Emma Pierce sings harmonies that cannot be described as anything but perfect, and "Young Man Faces Old Death," which showcases JR's incredibly powerful vocal/lyri-

cal skills. Guitar work from the notorious Ryan Sawatsky (*The Mennonites*), violin from Kim Koch (*The Olden Days*, *Academy of Excellence*), and gorgeous piano flesh out Jon-Rae's simple songwriting brilliantly. Rumor on the street has it that Fletcher has rejected a recent offer from Mint Records. I doubt it will be long before the deal he's waiting for arrives; until then, pick up a copy of this hand-made, limited-run album from the local wall at Zulu. I've secreted mine away, and am planning on making a fortune on eBay when Jon-Rae goes big.

Suzey Webb

CAROLYN MARK AND HER ROOM-MATES Terrible Hostess (Mint)

This would be Mint's latest variation on the neo-country sound. Carolyn Mark often sounds like Natalie Merchant, but her Room-mates take her much further toward twang than 10,000 Maniacs ever went (apparently they actually are her room-mates). Some bar-room swing, some plaintive moments, and some full-on hoodwink as well.

Unfortunately, this CD just doesn't go down as smoothly as the inevitable comparison, *Neko Case*. The song structures on *Terrible Hostess* are a little awkward, and Carolyn is not always dead on. I have heard

that Carolyn is excellent live, so I'm assuming that she has fallen victim to the usual poor-translation-to-plastic pitfall. I hope Mint doesn't come looking for me. I did enjoy the Room-mates. They are a solid band.

Michael

PIXIES s/t (Sonic Unyon)

The true test of a journalist is to say something about a band that hasn't already been said. The only things that have never been said about the Pixies are lies. With that in mind, I feel pressured to inform you of the following facts: Frank Black's entire musical output has been stolen in one way or another from the *Concert For Bangla Desh*; Kim Deal has described her most formative experience as living in an NYC dumpster for three weeks with Adrock; their first album was produced by Phil Spector on a three-week coke binge; and the lyrics for *Surfer Rosa* were composed during a collaborative séance between Lester Bangs and John Lennon.

While none of these things tells you a single iota about their new release, culled from the outtakes of their first album *Come Out Pilgrim*, that should be of little consequence. The Pixies are one of the most revered bands in the indie world; in cer-

tain circles their albums carry the same weight as the Bible; and they have tribute bands carrying their flame on into the new millennium. You know you need their new album. You know you're going to go out and buy it and, frankly, this is something you'd be well advised to do since it is the greatest album the world has ever seen.

No word of a lie.
Chris Eng

MORGAN PAGE Drifting Into View (Nordic Tax)

There are excellent house albums, full of soul, of grit, of swing, of funk, of a depth beyond the mere mechanics of the dance that calls forth a panoply of spiritual adjectives. Then, there are people who strive mightily hard to approach this sound, this feeling, but just aren't getting it. Unfortunately, this CD is of the latter. *Morgan Page* is the Diana Krall of house music. You might take that as a compliment. If so, stop here—you'll probably like this album. For there is nothing to complain about throughout the Latin-percussion melange of post-jazzy lounge house beats. It sounds fine, rolls along. But it has no zing—unlike Gavin Cromar, who plays with the very essence and structure of house music. It is not surprising then that Page works with



over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

The Cult of Me

I promised my editor and production manager that this month's column would not contain the words "I" or "me," to which they responded "Yeah right." They are wise and know my weaknesses better than I do. I just can't help myself. I just write what I know and I know me better than I know anyone else. But they're right. I'm supposed to be writing book reviews, not diary entries about my trip to New York or how much I dislike the word "urban" when used as an adjective.

To make things more difficult, during last month's production day, editorial assistant Donovan reminded me that Dave Eggers writes that the most interesting people are self-obsessed. I am neither saying that I am interesting or self-obsessed. Rather, I am drawn to the idea of "The Cult of Me," "me" not being myself, but the personas we all create for public consumption.

It began with the media. Columnists wrote about the minutiae of their lives, from

hangovers to starfucking opportunities, and expected the paying public to eat it up. Funny enough, many of us did. We can't help but want to know what our neighbors are up to. A guilty admission: I read a certain column every week because it makes me angry that precious space is being devoted to such bad writing. I don't mind flakes, but I sure hate bad writers.

So Donovan is right. Or should I say, Dave Eggers is right. Self-obsessed people are interesting. Look at television's *Sex and the City*. I must admit that I watched 30 episodes of that show in two weeks. Chalk it up to research or severe brain damage. After a while, Sarah Jessica Parker's Carrie comes off as a whiny writer with too many pairs of shoes (not that I should be pointing fingers here), yet there's something magnetic about her. Carrie's a writer, letting us into her crazy New York life and telling us all the random down-and-dirty details. (Side note: she writes for a living, but some items in her wardrobe could pay my

rent for the year.) If a column serves as a diary in some cases, then the television version of Candace Bushnell's *Sex and the*

City column is like a diary with sets, good lighting and great clothes.

Yes, I can't help but love glimpses into other people's lives. I am addicted to online journals, especially ones belonging to girls who watch a lot of movies, listen to a range of music and have boy problems. Zines that relay personal information are great too. The best is the autobiography, king of self-confessional literature. I want very much to read Tony Young's *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*, which takes the reader into the world of New York media.

Maybe you dig self-obsession as well. Maybe you also can't help but slow down when you see the Saturday *Globe and Mail*. All those columns! Maybe you read this column for the book reviews, or maybe you read it for the navel-gazing crap. Perhaps you say to yourself "Dude, I could write better than that. She's such a flake." Good. Go out and get yourself a column or make your own zine or claim your own patch of

made it impossible for anyone or anything in the shots to be recognizable. Friends pointed out that they could tell the little person in the commercial was me by my bad dance moves. I thought nothing of it. It couldn't get any worse. How wrong I was. Just as I thought the whole thing was over, I drove past a giant mural on the side of the television station's building. There I was, sitting atop a wrecking ball, my hair tucked

with short essays, *Cosmo*-like quizzes for men, cartoons, bad advice, quotations about love, music reviews, and intentionally bad poetry." The book is a send up of self-help books, complete with definitions of different types of single men (Nerd, Peter Pandemic, Dull Man, etc.) and excerpts of other self-help volumes, including one by Biggie's own grandfather.

Though the book includes a lot of personal information, it never strays into the too-much-information territory. It is funny, perfectly nerdy (there's a wicked section on music and Biggie's now defunct indie rock band) and clearly written. I read the whole thing in one sitting.

Sometimes with a book that draws so heavily on the personal, it becomes important that the reader either identifies with the writer, or doesn't mind his perspective. Biggie's persona in the book—shy, slightly awkward and very funny—is endearing. If he had an online journal, I'd read it. He does have a website (www.biggieworld.com), which is dial-up modern friendly and includes a story about how Biggie crashed a party at Douglas Coupland's house.

All this talk makes me think about this one time at band camp—oh never mind. Enough confessing for this month. *

Dave Eggers writes that the most interesting people are self-obsessed. I am neither saying that I am interesting or self-obsessed. Rather, I am drawn to the idea of "The Cult of Me," "me" not being myself, but the personas we all create for public consumption.

cyberspace. You'll need to do something because (cue the collective groans) it's time for a story about me!

Last summer, as a favour to a friend, I went down to a certain television station in Vancouver dressed as a construction worker. I proceeded to lug pieces of wood around while the cameras rolled. I even did a stupid little dance. They paid me in bread and cheese. I don't even like cheese.

When the commercials came out, I was relieved to see that the tech people had run the images through a program that

behind my ears. I thought, no way, that's not me. I was pretty far into dental-world when one of my roommates said "Hey Lau, sit on any wrecking balls lately?"

RYAN BIGGIE

A Very Lonely Planet: Love, Sex, and the Single Guy (Arsenal Pulp Press)

Ryan Biggie's non-fiction book, *A Very Lonely Planet*, is everything I love about zines, online journals, and self-obsessed columns in one book. Biggie used to publish *Single Guy Zine*, a Xeroxed magazine filled

vocalist Colette on two of the tracks. Colette's recent album, produced by Angel Alanis, was another example of marketing a personality over talent. Although Colette has a beautiful voice, she rarely has anything to say. The vocals are neither extensive nor meaningful nor passionate. Perhaps this is my failing; perhaps I cannot get into the laid-back groove. Perhaps. Maybe I could appreciate this three years ago, when Kruder & Dorfmeister was a revelation and lounge-jazz was just starting to kick across the airwaves. But times have changed—and so should the music.

lobias v

P:ANO When it's Dark and it's Summer (Hive-Fi/Zum)

I have never won a colouring contest in my life. As a child, I entered countless competitions at drugstores and malls, all in vain. So imagine my excitement when my entry was chosen as "The Colouring Contest Show" (July 22, Sugar Refinery, Little Wings with Olden Days). I blitzed for the stage just like on *The Price Is Right*, blinded by the lights and deafened by applause. I was so busy bowing that I could barely accept my prize, which turned out to be a copy of piano's new CD. Thankfully, I recovered from my excitement enough to slip *When it's Dark and it's Summer* into my Discwoman for the

walk home. It has not left it since. This new offering from Nick Krugovich and crew is a group of startlingly beautiful keys-based compositions. The atmospheric, arty-but-accessible songs are at times suggestive of Sigur Rós, and often call to mind a (thankfully) twee-free Belle and Sebastian. Notable contributors include the extremely talented Larissa Loyva who sings superb harmonies and plays various horns, and Veda Hille, whose accordion fills out three tracks. Although it seems almost inappropriate to break up such a unified album, the fifth song, "Worry," deserves special mention. This subtly haunting, bass-driven layering of organ, Rhodes and CDJ is combined with stellar drum programming. Lyrics like "Too tired to even cry today... we've gone beyond the best of love" flesh out a song that is at once infectious and affecting. Indeed, those two words could describe the entire album. In conclusion, all I can say is thank you, Nick and compadres. If this album is the payoff for years of unwearied toil in the field of colouring contests, it was well worth waiting for.

Suey Webb

**THE RUSSIAN FUTURISTS
Let's Get Ready To Crumble
(Upper Class)**
Snappy, summery synth pop

that makes my head bob. I taste the flavours of *Sesame Street* and the *Beach Boys*. It's easy to imagine the Muppets busting a move to these songs. One man band Matthew Adam Hart writes songs that could easily slip into the realm of annoyance, and yet somehow never do. Melodic to a fault, but it's okay because I can't stop grinning. A fine craftsman. Keyboards, drum machine, stringed instruments and other sounds that may or may not be electronic make appearances (the liner notes give no clues), with Matthew's vocals being the constant. I like every song on this CD. An excellent guilty pleasure which I highly recommend.

Michael

THE STAG REELS

**st
(Independent)**
You know something? I like good old country classics. I mean, I LOVE good old country classics, especially from the hills. Call it Country. Call it Country Rock-a-billy. Call it Country Rock-a-berry or Sheriff Rockerfeller, don't make a goddamn difference to me, pal. Call it whatever you want. But, be warned this CD will have you hollerin'. Not unlike the Supersuckers did with their *Must've Been High* brand of country gruv, but with more gusto. In fact, this CD is a real nugget. And trust me fella, I

know my twang.

Don't believe me? Well you can blow it out your rear end for all I care. I'm just tellin' a little story of how these fine young men from the hills came about. Or at least how their name was chosen.

Now, where these boys come from is just about a stones throw away from the mighty Alouette dam. Whomcock to be exact, which is damn near halfway between Mission City and "The Stag," a corpse-run barber shop, out in Haney. A real man's barber, albeit a very ancient barber. A place where daddies take their lil' tykes for a trim once in a while to reposition their man-locks within their happy Haney families.

The boys in the band appear to have fresh haircuts every time I see them. Could this be the work of The Stag itself? Their neatly trimmed coifs add to their overall appeal, considering the fact that they also make one helluva racket, just as the Alouette dam does every so often when the lake water pours down the massive cleavage of the cemented monolith which milled the water into volts and in turn powered the young lads' guitar amps as they practised the same damn songs which appear on this goddamn compact disc.

Confused? Bear with me. The dam also powered the surprising finale of the major motion picture, *We're No Angels*, which starred Sean Penn and Robert De Niro. I bet, when the time came for locals to be cast into the highly comedic script, the band marched straight down there to the site of the casting line. To become big shots for a time. Big Shots in Whomcock.

A casting line is also known as a Reel. The Stag is a macho and somewhat disturbing place for a haircut in Haney. So you see, there you have the truth about the band's name. The Stag Reels.

They actually have a whole different story behind the name. I just wanted to use the word cleavage.

And the word Haney.
Black Diamond

DAVID SYLVIAN Camphor (Virgin)

Few artists can pull off a double CD set without offensively pointing out most listeners' television-stunted attention spans. *Pink Floyd's The Wall* is the indisputable exception, and surely there are others. With his new album *Camphor*, composer, guitar player, sampler, Indian drummer, vocalist, bassist, Hammond organ player, harmonium player, producer David Sylvian wriggles his way towards the base of the exception list. In building *The Wall*, Roger Waters and David Gilmour knew that if they were going to make it stand, they needed a variety of textures

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august listings

1. A/N Lodge
2. Golden Wedding Band
3. Kevin House w/ Casiope for the Rainfall
4. Broken Crow Quartet
5. Erin Slobojan Photo show
6. Paralleltuesdays (imp con)
7. The Pillows
8. Coco Love Alcorn
9. Dale Moringstar (to- of the summer is rotten band w/ Pond of Tigers)
10. Son of Dave (London Yuk)
11. I Kill My Conscience
12. Richard Joffe (w/ Kevin House)
13. The Bearded Lady
14. Paralleltuesdays
15. The Molotov Mouths (s/f)
16. Infant Factor
17. The Sparrow w/ Loscil
18. Vims Blonket
19. w/ Trebende (con)
20. Paralleltuesdays
21. Kubies of Steel 12
22. Resin w/ Origins
23. Springer + Ducommun
24. Golden Wedding Band (a man's birthday)
25. CLOSED
26. Paralleltuesdays
27. JP Carter + Dave Sikola
28. A/N Lodge
29. Broken Crow Quartet
30. Les Colattes, 10/4 (Portland)
31. Emerald City, My Project Blue

If you want to get the weekly listings, email me at sugarefinery@hotmail.com

I ♥
CHEESE

no one anyone is wandering Steven is fine

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RAVICAL MANDERERS
The incredible films of JEFFREY EPSTEIN & NORMAN McLELLAN

MAN WITH A MOVIE CAMERA
EYE OF NEWT CREATES A LIVE SOUNDTRACK

CHRISTIANIA
A live session in the middle of a metropolitan

LOCK UP YOUR SONS
AUGUST 11-12
Anti-Quar Film 1950-1980

YOU HAVE MY HEAD
A live session in the middle of a metropolitan

LOCK UP YOUR SONS
AUGUST 11-12
Anti-Quar Film 1950-1980

CiTR DJ Profile

**Christine G.
Saint Tropez
Alternating Sundays,
5:00-6:00PM**



Sarah Crachnell of Saint Etienne with Christine G.

Record played most often on your show:

Technically, my theme: "Saint Tropez" by Brigitte Bardot—but that doesn't count! As of late, definitely the *Nuggets II* box set.

Record you would save in a fire:

Do you mean one of my favourite records of all time or something that I own that is extremely rare? If it's something that is rare or at least of sentimental value—then it would be my vinyl copy of the original soundtrack to a '60s film called *Smashing Time*, given to me by Bob Stanley of Saint Etienne! If it's in regards to one of my favourite records of all time it's probably a toss up between Beatles' *Revolver*, *Birthdays* by The Association or *Rio* by Duran Duran (see "worst record I like"?)

Record that should burn in hell:

Having worked in a record store for many years I've been subjected to some horrendous stuff. Any avant garde jazz or discordant loud indie rock. (Sorry, I think I've just pissed off a large percentage of *Discorder's* readership!)

Worst record you like:

Hmm... there's many. One that springs to mind is called *Cupid and Psyche 85* by Scritti Politti—definitely over-produced '80s white funk/new wave.

First record you bought:

The first 45 I distinctly remember buying was Pink Floyd's "Another Brick in the Wall"—kind of heavy for a 9 year old kid. The first full-length I bought was *Born Late* by Shaun Cassidy.

Last record you bought:

I buy in bulk! My last spree included *Doves' The Last Broadcast*, *Nico's Chelsea Girl*, *XTC's White Music*, *Hellacopters' Grande Rock* and the compilation *Disco Not Disco 2*.

Musician you would most like to marry:

I like this question! For many years it was Jarvis Cocker of Pulp—now I can't decide between Julian Casablancas from The Strokes or Nick Royale from The Hellacopters. Needs are out—rockers are in! But all musicians are cool and sexy in their own way!

Favourite show on CiTR:

This is a sad fact but I don't get CiTR on my stereo at home so by default I have to pick former show "Lipgloss and Cigarettes" when Brian was doing it on his own without me. Is that overly biased?

Strangest phone call while on air:

There was an angry guy who used to request BBC world service and would tell me it was supposed to be on during the time of my show. *

besides the old Strat, bass, and lungs, so they got symphonies, synthesizers, pianos, electronic warblings, samples of old men grumbling about weird things, and children responding to them in sweet innocent voices etc. David Sylvian has decided to expand the list by adding tabla, bass conga, tamboura, Moroccan clay drums, bass clarinet, short wave radio, and a producer named Rain Tree Crow, among others. Even guitar wizard **Robert Fripp** from **King Crimson** pays a visit to track seven disc one and winks a few woggles from his alien-mind-fingers. What results is a multi-layered, multi-textured melange of new age, world-esque, **Lorena McKennit**-ish, **Miles Davis**-onian, monk-mumbling gnosticism. And it's actually good.

Douglas Harrison

TWENTY MILES

Keep it Coming...

(Fat Possum)

Don't expect this CD to blow you away with surges of high-octane blues. Judah Bauer gives the Explosion bravado a well deserved rest and just kicks back with *Keep it Coming*...

The latest CD from **Twenty Miles**, led by Bauer from **The John Spencer Blues Explosion**, sounds like it was recorded on a back porch with some friends as the sun set over the Mississippi, when in fact Bauer produced the album in his modest New York apartment

with a who's who of Big Apple sceneries. Regardless, he does capture the laid-back feel of an impromptu backyard jam. He progressively gets bluesier and doesn't just (dare I say) explode with as much blast as his other band. Instead, Bauer eases you into his musical fold, demonstrating a natural talent for blues guitar.

Working his way backwards to the root of his influences, Bauer starts off *Stones-y* with a penchant for Keith Richards' riff style on "Mend Your Heart" and gradually incorporates more **John Lee Hooker** in "Fix the Fences" and "I Believe." What he lacks in vocal bluster, Bauer more than makes up with his guitar technique and, just like Mick's better half, part of his charm is that he isn't a classically trained vocalist.

Everything about this listen is easy, so if you want to rock your way through an all-nighter, don't put this CD on. But if you're shattered from the night before, put *Keep it Coming*... in the disc player and let **Twenty Miles** help soften the edges.

Sarah Rowlands

WOBBLY

PLAYLIST

(Illegal Art)

"Now, sample broadcast programming..."

Short, sweet, and to the point, *Wobbly*, a.k.a. Jon Leidecker, rips apart a "sample

CD" from a corporate broadcasting network—the sort of business that advertises playlists handicapped for various demographics to ensure the most homogenous and advertising-friendly blend of muzak-possible, from Top 40 to Country. Wobbly, like a net-hactivist ping-pong website to the crash point, responds to the call... now sample broadcast programming... alright, sez Wobbly, let's bring 'em through the grinder—and the result is not just a messy noise of angry anti-corporate frustration but a hilarious and subtle reconstruction of intros and outros and pop music and country, all fitted rather nicely onto a compact 3" CD that provides some listening relief from Today's Contemporary Crap. Classic moments include remixes of "Staying Alive"—magnificently ripped and hashed into abstract d'n'b and obscure hip-hop rhythms—and a real mangle of **Garth Brooks** country into fucked-up broken beats. Indeed, it is the energetic realm of the broken and mashed beats which dominate this album, but never in an aggressive fashion—much like **Chris Sattinger**'s work as **Timeblind** on his recent album *Rugged Redemption*.

Yet let us not forget that this work is political to the core. "Wobbly" is a name with historical threads right back to the days of serious *fin de siècle* agitation, the nickname for nothing

less than a member of the **IWW**, the Industrial Workers of the World, one of the most successful activist-unions on the planet and one of the most dedicated to international socialism, to the One Big Union and to "Abolition of the wage system." And yet Wobbly gives the all-so-serious **IWW** a little twist with his perverted and wicked—yet potentially destructive in all the best modalities—sense of humour. A deep, head-back-and-tilted laughter, perhaps a Nietzschean laughter, that rips apart "Christian Music" into a repeti-

tious never-ending sound of Heaven... y'know, the old joke about Heaven, where everyone is singing with harps all the time, i.e. it would be rather *repetitious* and *boring*... Although perhaps in this case Wobbly does better than most "Christian Music" and actually makes his re-sampling hilarious—which is also something the **IWW** needs to learn: the humour necessary for fighting The Man, and this humour comes from realizing that the bourgeois, although powerful, elect, and dangerous, are also notoriously stupid. [Quote of the

month!—Ed.] The "broadcast programming" disc proves it: that who would seriously believe that a "new adult contemporary mix" would double audiences overnight, as the disc claims, when radio audiences have been declining for over a quarter of a century? The joke is priceless: and so is this CD. Visit www.detrinitus.us/wobbly to get your hands on one of these beautiful gems, a heven diamond that, although beautiful, cuts through the most impermeable of solid bullshit.

tobias c. van Veen

7 inch



by Bryce Dunn

Well, there's a drought in 7" land this month with only TWO worthwhile slabs getting the nod from yours truly... the first being **THE IN-SOMNIACS**' best-at-risk platter "Mary Anne Lightly." It's been a while since we've heard from these Englishmen, New Jersey flower children, but boy is this good.

For those unfamiliar, **The Insomniacs**' city of residence has an ironic influence on their '60s-inspired garage pop sound, with dashes of soul, R&B and psychedelia when the mood strikes them, linking UK groups like **John's Children** and **The Pretty Things** together with **The Strawberry Alarm Clock** and **The Seeds**. For this particular outing, a bit of the latter influence peaks out on these two cuts. "Mary Anne Lightly" starts out with a bang, a fuzzed out guitar lead breaks into a nice jangly chorus, then fades out with a swirling piano-tinged ending, and the flipside, "Big Sensation" has that same tripped out feeling but with a great melody to carry it along.

Wrapped up in a trademark Art Chantry designed sleeve, you've got enough biff, bang, and pow to tide you over until the next release. (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227 USA)

Call it a blessing for Boston and a curse for the rest of North America, but **Beantown** continues its fine tradition of churning out some the best hardcore/punk rock this nation has ever seen, and **PANIC** leads the current charge with an explosive six-song debut entitled *Dying For It* (with another EP just been released since writing this). The buzz around these guys is warranted, as each song lunges out

at you at breakneck speed, only to catch you off guard with a catchy breakdown and punchy production to seal the deal. The songs are short, but long enough that the messages of alienation and determination get across in a few throat-searing lines, as is the case with "Strength In Solitude" and "I Walk Home The Same Way

pyrotechnics, courtesy of Jamie, whose trusty broadcast word came to fiery life not once, but twice during their set. If you have not seen these guys yet, you are a poor excuse of an orc, and **3IOB** have a song for people like you...

Drunkhorse, from Oakland, California came across slightly more mid-'70s boogie-rock, and although I own no **Led Zeppelin** records, I found myself giving them a "Whole Lotta Love" as they blazed through their set, particularly impressed by the Bonham-esque drumming style of the shaggy-haired skin-basher, and the lead singer/guitarist, who had me yelling "Stillwater!" (Inside jokes, you hate them, don't you?) after every song. The headliners, and neighbours of **Drunkhorse** from down the pipe, **The Effin' Champs** got all technical

on me with their "bedroom metal" stylings, and while they weren't the most exciting band to watch (I think the only thing moving on guitarist stage right were his fingers), they pulled out a couple of neat moves by inviting the singer of **Drunkhorse** to sing half a number, (and being all instrumental metal band, this threw some fans off, I'm sure), and when all three members picked up guitars and jammed away on the same harmonic chords for almost 10 minutes, a glorious wall of sound was the result, which had the poor bar staff running for things to stuff their ears with. For myself, a pleasant ringing in the aural canals was my companion for the drive home and for a calming slumber later on.

See you next month, rockers... *



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TWENTY MILES Saturday, June 22 Railway Club

I don't remember Judah Bauer being that sexy the last time he played at Dick's on Dicks with **The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion**. But maybe that's the point of **Twenty Miles**—a chance for Bauer to kick out his own carnal knowledge of the blues.

Looking like he had a total rock 'n' roll makeover, Bauer had traded in his geek chic **Buddy Holly** glasses for a more '70s electric cowboy look with vintage bronco-buster boots and a floral ranchero shirt. Time apart from Spencer is definitely working for him. Hell, even Keith needs a little time away from Mick.

Music? Oh yeah, about the music. Well, let's see... he rocked! Though at times he seemed a little self-conscious as the front man of his own three-piece—this despite (or maybe in spite of) having his own private dancer up front, who was of the ruby-haired-beauty persuasion. For the most part, his banter was inaudible ramblings, but I

did manage to make out something about sleep deprivation, which makes sense considering both **JSBX** and **Twenty Miles** put out new albums this year. Despite being tired from the rigors of rock and tongue-tied from nerves, his almost slippery smooth guitar playing and his rough-around-the-edges singing voice still made for a perfectly imperfect show.

For those who got there early, Matt Walker from **31/07/02 Down Under** was an added bonus, playing some very bluesy lap slide guitar with Bauer's brother, Donovan, on drums. Walker would later become an integral part of the **Twenty Miles** set, as Bauer kept calling him up as a lap slide musical crutch. Walker rounded off songs like "Only One," lending an even more swampy southern feel to Bauer's sound. Another reason the **Twenty Miles** revue was such a success was the change in scenery. I had no idea the **Railway Club** served any greater purpose other than last call. All this time I thought the small darkly cloaked space up front was

used for puppetry rehearsals. Such is not the case. The cruise ship layout actually worked out nicely for everyone. The regulars, who were disappointed that **Big John Bates** would not be performing, could retire on the outside deck, while others spilling out from various venues could unwind in the back, leaving those of us who love all things Bauer to enjoy the show.

After his set the hapless Judah had to boot it out of **The Railway** without getting to know his mystery lady with the crimson locks. The poor sod had to return to his tedious day job as a rich, sexy New York rock star. Gotta pay the bills somehow. While that may not be something the average working stiff can relate to, surely Keith can identify. Yes, in the end, it always comes back to **The Stones**.

Sarah Rowlands

**KEN VANDERMARK'S
SCHOOL DAYS
Saturday, June 22
Vancouver East Cultural
Centre**

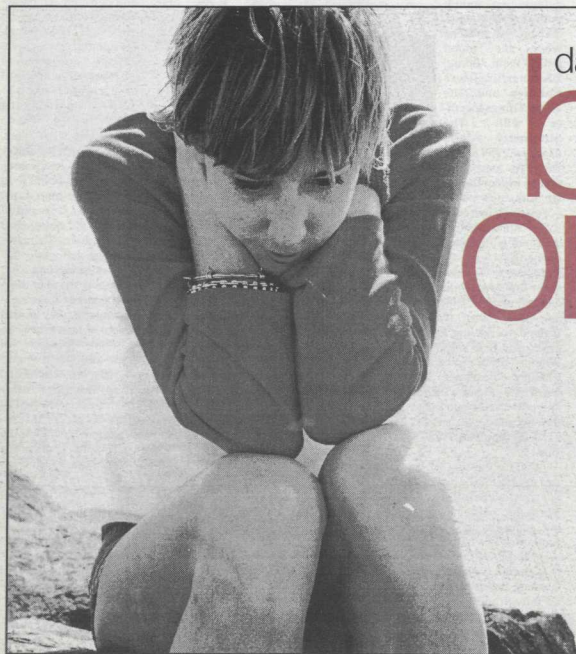
I should really like Ken Vandermark, but I don't. There's something about his big-bodied playing that gets on my nerves: it's just so damn manly, or something. I've seen him a few times now, so I'm not being dismissive without evidence. Biased, maybe, but not uninformed. You see, at some point in every gig, he inhales real deep, his already large frame visibly growing, and then blows real hard, and for a long time. Sure, fine, way to go, it's very impressive, wow. **Peter Brötzmann** does it too, one of Vandermark's chesty influences. However, it's also routine, and this seems to undermine the claim that Vandermark's kind of jazz otherwise makes of itself: that it's, well, kinda free. Now, I am being unfair: Vandermark is a handy target for an issue that I think is larger and widespread. And, in honesty, I was late for his show this year, so I probably missed something. True, what little I heard and saw was good, better than when this same group played the **Anza Club** some time ago. Really, it's hard to fault the playing: Vandermark on sax, **Jeb Bishop** on trombone (ah, yes, **Jeb Bishop**—worth the show alone), **Kjell Nordeson** on vibes, **Ingebjøgt Haker-Flaten** on bass, and **Paal Nilssen-Love** on drums are all top-drawer musicians. So maybe it is my issue, my problem. In that case, please

accept this as another glowing review—hooray for Ken! However, I must conclude that there is something to free improvisation, the clarion call of the avant scene, that is akin to pushing against a self-imposed barrier. With its by now unmistakable sound, it's hard to tell what's free and what's (unintentionally?) rehearsed. For example, **Derek Bailey** always sounds more or less the same, and he wrote a book on the subject. I suppose it's like watching baseball, something else I don't get: lots of time waiting for the basically predictable. Crack, the crowd goes mad, the announcers wax poetic, and the fans pencil another figure in the big book of received tradition. And here is what eludes me: in this case, does tradition make contemporary work stilled and undead, or does it imbue it with a source of purpose? Probably both, and this is undoubtedly the problematic good free improvisation, and maybe all good jazz, explores. This particular evening, however, I'm not sure how the exploration was going. Good? You bet. Free? Only maybe. Of course, these guys were playing tunes, not just improvising, but the point's worth raising, especially when presented with some of the best in the league—aren't they the ideal target for the trickiest curveballs?

Larry

**ORQUESTA GOMA DURA
Sunday, June 23
Performance Works**
Having already seen the **Orquesta Goma Dura's** sister act, **Hard Rubber Orchestra**, I knew I was in for a great show at **Performance Works** that night. I was right. As vocalist **Ivan Rodriguez** told us early in the show, **Orquesta Goma Dura** provided us with "the very best of Latin jazz." **John Korsrud's** ensemble passionately played their way through two stunning one hour sets of fabulous energetic salsa music, with hypnotic rhythms and truly awesome playing by the entire ensemble. As with **FIRO**, everyone seemed to get a chance to shine with solos, and several of the compositions were written by band members. Two of my favorites were by bassist **Al Johnston**: "Start Without Me" and his salsa tribute to **Frank Zappa**, "Frankness," which is actually from the CD of his other band, **Grupo Jazz Tambao**. I also loved the piece saxophonist/flautist **Mike Braverman** wrote called "Romanian Salsa," combining musical elements from two very distinct musical traditions to form a really cool blend.

They played differing styles within the general genre of Latin music, with some mambo, some more fluid almost traditional jazz, and even a Cuban-flavored cover of the Beatles' "Hey Jude." The configuration



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LAST OF THE JUANITAS
PHOTO BY LORI KIESSLING

of the large ensemble changed throughout to fit the piece, and they kept the energy flowing throughout the entire show. The one problem seemed to be more to do with the audience. Performance Works had covered virtually the entire floor with tables and chairs, leaving only a tiny area at the front for dancing, and conductor Korsrud expressed his annoyance with this set-up very early in the first set. Rodriguez and his fellow singer Edwin Marcos goaded the crowd throughout the show to get up and dance, with occasional success, but I suppose the combination of the small dance floor and the shyness of the audience precluded much dancing. There was one couple that did spend the majority of the vocal numbers dancing, but apart from them, dancers came and went, which clearly irked both singers immensely. Korsrud commented that usually they have the opposite problem—so many dancers he gets shoved out of his position at the foot of the stage. However, I'm sure this difficulty will disappear at their next show in Vancouver at the Commodore on August 8, so if you love salsa and love to dance, show up for a really fun night.

Vampyra Draculas

764-HERO
ALARM BELLS
Friday, June 28
Richard's On Richards
I think I was the last one to realize the *The Walkmen* were no show. Sure, there were only about 10 people in the club, but I figured I just showed up early. There is some hype surrounding this band, but I never got to see if it is deserved or not. I'll survive.

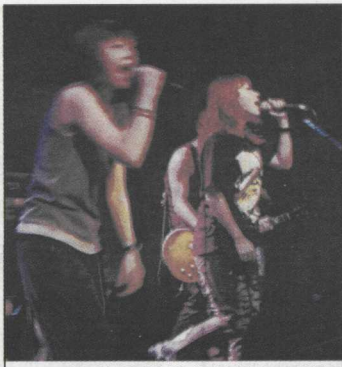
On to the opening band—which became the headlines—764-Hero. Their indie rock

sound seemed too noisy for the mostly empty venue. The level on the lead singer's mic was too low throughout the set. Consequently it was hard to hear any melody above the guitar, bass, and drums. I was left with a disjointed sense of what they must really sound like. All I can say is... you can see them at Bumbershoot! Chances are you'll get a better show.

Moving along backwards, we had *Alarm Bells*, the opening band. They look like high school kids. I thought, okay, as long as they don't sound like high school kids. But as they played on, it was obvious there is variation in their songs. They appeared a bit uncomfortable on stage, as when the lead singer stepped away from the spotlight during a song in which he sang alone on stage, but it was rather endearing. They have this garage band sound going on, but all of a sudden there will be a slow song with big vocal emphasis. Those long, drawn out notes brought Noel Gallagher to mind. (This thought was recorded and then removed from my consciousness.) *Alarm Bells*, however, were more polite. When the singer thanked all their friends for waiting outside in the rain to get in, I wanted to put him in my pocket and take him home. A final thought for bands: shyness is nice, but shyness can stop you from selling all the CDs you ought to. Say your name a couple of times so your growing legions of fans can track you down.

Jana

CHICAGO UNDERGROUND QUARTET
Sunday, June 30
Performance Works
Now here's a band that really didn't want to play their encore. Drinks in hand, they slowly



I LOVE PUFFY! THEY ARE SO CUTE!
PHOTO BY IAN PICKERING

lumbered from behind the stage to play one last tune with little spark. After two long sets of nice work, though, I suppose it's fair to want to call it a night. And the bizarre, excessive stage set up at Performance Works was sad enough to make any fair-minded person say "Forget it, I'm going back to the hotel." I mean, it looked like a fucking Juno Awards ceremony. And what's with the digital video projections? Come on, can't we just have the jazz, please, unadorned and without distractions? To say the least, the DJ who played before and after the band, his dyed blond head happily bobbing to the kind of jazzy house that's keeping old jazz labels in business today, really put everything in perspective. Alas. Anyway, the band was very good: Rob Mazurek on cornet, laptop and Rhodes, Jeff Parker on guitar, Chad Taylor on drums and vibas, and Noel Kupersmith on bass. Oddly enough, perhaps the best thing about them was that they were kinda slack. For example, at one point Parker unexpectedly started banging out a cowbell figure, bringing Taylor's carnival rhythm to a boil, even if the band wasn't totally ready for it at first. Besides, sometimes perfectly ace playing is eerie, stilled and boring, a simulation of life that only George Lucas would enjoy. Then again, sometimes it's like witnessing angels blowing kisses to the innocent, something both magical and sweet as hell. These guys were somewhere in-between, and maybe this was the most Chicago-like thing about them: a kind of "let's go to work" attitude. This had everything to do with they way they played, I figure, and not really just their songs, although they were good as well. You see, they can be hit and miss on record, and I'm still waiting to

be really impressed by Mazurek's playing—being prolific isn't the same thing as being interesting, you know. But live was nice. At times, they reminded me of Vancouver's own, sometimes shambling Tony Wilson Band. They played several long, groove-oriented songs, some concise, amiably melodic tunes, and, I think, a *Tortoise* cover for the faithful. One piece by Kupersmith, in their second set, really stood out; it flowed around nicely and had great atmosphere, Taylor leaving his kit to play some tasteful vibes. A few more like that and I'd have completely forgiven the laser light vodka advertisements forever flashing pink and orange in the corner by the bar. Then again, if I had the cash, a few vodka drinks would've made me forgive them, too. As it was, two beers and two sets later, I walked home a satisfied fellow.

Larry

NORIKO TUJIKO
Friday, July 12 and Saturday, July 13
Sugar Refinery and Blinding Light!!

Noriko Tujiko's *Shijo Toshi* was one of the most pleasant surprises of last year. An obscure experimental pop gem created by an enigmatic Japanese woman and released via Austrian digital noise label Mego, it seemed destined to fall between those pesky cracks in the music media's rigidly segmented architecture. I read absolutely no press coverage of the album other than a rather mixed review in "modern music" bible, *The Wire*. And yet it seems that everyone in this particular city who happened across the recording found themselves at least a little bit in love.

Noriko's music pits stuttering, sliced up computer noise

against pure, melodic vocals and synth-lines. It's easily the poppiest part of the Mego roster and yet, aesthetically and ideologically speaking, fits perfectly in with the label's vision of psychedelic punk pranksterism via laptop tinkering. The LP's cover pits our heroine against various icons of Japanese and Western square society (soldiers, salarymen) armed with an array of whimsical weapons and tactics including a space-age pistol that fires baguettes. It suggests a world where beauty and play are favoured over work and functionality. Likewise, the music uses glitchy textures and saccharine melodies to disrupt the smooth running of digital workflow and modern pop music's po-faced pretentiousness. It's a great joke—no wonder people fell for it.

Noriko played two shows in town, on consecutive nights—the first at the Sugar Refinery and the second at The Blinding Light!! Cinema. The former performance came with an appetizer in the form of Mimi's Ami. This new local trio (two electric guitars and one electronic laptop) appears to be the latest incarnation of accomplished sad-rockers *The Birthday Machine*. They stay pretty close to that band's Low-influenced blueprint but with the added bonus of skittering electronic beats à la German glitch-pop acts like *To Rococo Rot* and *Lali Puna*.

The songs are superb and the inclusion of computerised elements is a great idea but the two parts didn't quite gel on this occasion. It remains to be seen whether this constitutes a bad thing or not—much great music of the last decade or so has thrived on contrast and made a virtue of its apparent wrongness. Perhaps the contrast needs to be more contrast-

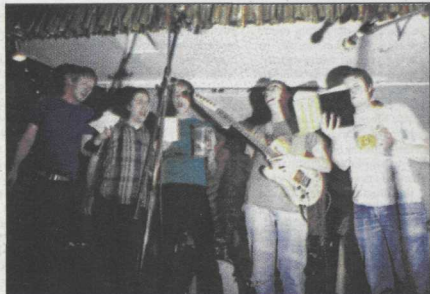
ed, the wrongness wronger; perhaps they should use acoustic guitars. Just a thought.

There really aren't any such suggestions you could offer Noriko Tujiko (who definitely thrives on musical contrast/contradiction, by the way). Her songs are so fully realised, so perfectly addictive, so artfully skewed that it's truly uncanny. For her performances in Vancouver she seated herself behind a table loaded with the requisite black Mac laptop, a small mixing desk and (nerd alert!) a Korg midi controller (which she puzzlingly neglected to use on either occasion). But the real revelation was her voice, which seemed rise effortlessly from her birdlike frame welling and swelling to flood the room with melody so spine-tingling that no recording could ever do it justice.

Her sets introduced a host of new material even stranger, more accessible and downright better than those the capacity audiences had come to hear. Most of the songs were in Japanese, all of them were wonderful beyond my ability to describe them. No hyperbole intended—this is being written long enough after the show for any short-term hysteria to abate—Noriko's Sugar Refinery performance was the best thing I've seen all year (*Anti-Pop Consortium* at Sonar coming a close second). Amazing that it came from an unassuming, little-known Japanese artist seated behind a computer.

Her performance the next night at The Blinding Light!! was preceded by some performance art. Let's not even go there. Seriously. Let's just say that this context made Noriko's music all the more precious.

That said, the second show was not quite as stunning as the first—Noriko's voice was slightly ravaged by the previ-



I LOVE THE RIVER! THEY ARE SO CUTE!
PHOTO BY LORI KIESSLING

ous night's performance and the less intimate setting made it harder for her music to fill the room satisfactorily. Nevertheless, it was complemented by visuals created especially by local "video zine" creator Meesoo Lee—including some particularly well chosen scenes from *The Shining*, slowed down to suitably nightmarish effect. Meesoo's interpretation of the music seemed to have something to do with childhood, dreams and (loss of) innocence. Simplistic perhaps but, for practical purposes, damn effective.

The second show also finished perfectly—with a rendition of *Shojo Toshi's* magnificently ecstatic "White Film." Hearing this was one of those experiences that makes one vow to be less tolerant of mediocrity—specifically in live music and generally in life. This is perhaps the most important thing that music can honestly claim to do. I'm forced to conclude that, in spite of her obscurity, Noriko Tujiko is an important artist. Won't someone just give her a prize or something?

Sam Macklin

MISSION OF BURMA

SILKWORM

Wednesday, July 24

Sky Church, EMP (Seattle)

Before reforming this year, the last time Mission of Burma played was in 1983. Since then, their legend and influence have grown disproportionately to the meager amount of material released prior to their initial demise. My biggest fear was that MOB would try to update their songs, involve some of the technology now available to today's experimental, art-damaged artists. That would be a shame because, production-values aside, old MOB records still sound great today.

After a solid, if lacklustre opening set by Silkworm, MOB took the stage. I can't remember

which song they opened with, but as they began to play, all my reservations evaporated. They may have looked older, but when I shut my eyes and just listened, I could have been standing in a small Boston club circa 1982. They were loud and jagged and visceral and melodic. You could see they were working hard and having a blast doing it. Even the dreaded "new song" sounded good. Two hours, two sets, and two encores later it was over.

Piss Malkin

COUNTRY TEASERS

Wednesday, July 24

Graceland (Seattle)

After seeing Mission of Burma, my smokin' hot date and I headed over to Graceland to catch the **Country Teasers**. The Teasers play messed-up music, sounding something like *The Fall* fucking *Hank Williams*. The band was loose, and looked more than a bit volatile. The singer was absolutely loaded, playing guitar infrequently while he steaded himself with the mic stand. It was the punkiest show I'd seen in ages. Every once in a long while, when the band managed to lock into a groove, you could hear greatness, but for the most part, the Teasers could barely hold themselves together. I've seen them when they were playing it straight and for sheer entertainment value, this was much better.

Piss Malkin

THE IMMORTAL LEE

COUNTRY KILLERS

SHIKASTA

THE DT'S

THE GUNG-HO'S

Saturday, July 27

Piccadilly Pub

Another roarin' night, courtesy of the Pic Pub and the Fireball Freakout. To my own grief, I missed two great bands, as the crowd definitely let the last two bands know that they had better be as skilled in the art of ass-

kickin' rock and roll as the previous acts or there would be trouble.

Shikasta, being from this very country itself, albeit to the right side of it, shared with the audience about an hour of pure rock revelation. Skilled to the limit, these boys kicked out some serious action. The singer's bass, of Travis Bean SG [THIS DOES NOT EXIST—CM] variety, pounded some glorious rhythm to the cadence of the drummer's kit. My mind remained transfixed on the Travis Bean until the band stopped after their very first number to introduce a lovely and voluptuous "groupie" they had met prior to the show. They must have been partying in Whalley then. Only Whalley could produce such a vixen. I know, I lived in Whalley. When she had told them that she was going to do a dance for them before the show, she meant it. Oh daddy, did she dance. Another guest decided to declare his wild drunkenness and dedication to the sport of rock and roll.

This fan was of Indy-Day. One variety and his red-leather golf-tan affirmed it, so the band called him "Red." His red-golf-shirted paunch was decorated with the same beer and nacho medley that resided within the man's white bushy moustache. The band let him belt out a couple of tunes to the accompaniment of a rambunctious, gospel-influenced number. Red's 15 minutes of fame were flyin' out the door as the crowd jeered him. The singer/guitarist asked "Red" if he would care to shut his lip. And he did, and the crowd cheered as he made his way to his mini-van and counter-attack escort. The dancer, it seems, was welcome for the rest of the show. So the three of them—the lady and the band—continued the glorious sounds and movement of Vancouver's best rock show to date this year.

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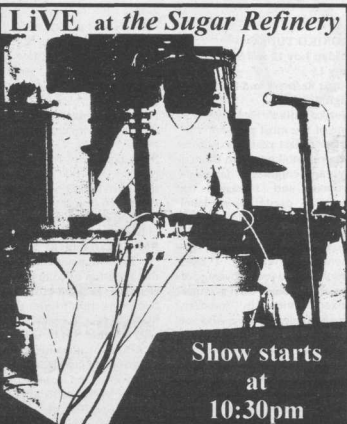
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August Long Vinyl

1 Nasty On	City Sick	Slutter
2 Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys	Strong Like Prawn	Teenage Rampage
3 Yeah Yeah Yeahs	s/t	Touch and Go
4 The Cinch	s/t	Slutter
5 STREETS	Worms	Teenage Rampage
6 p:ano	When It's Dark...	Hive Fi
7 Nashville Pussy	Say Something Nasty	Artremis
8 Daggers	Right Between the Eyes	Sloth
9 Riff Randells	s/t	Delmonica
10 Operation Makeout	Hang Loose	Mint
11 Tender Trap	Film Molecules	K
12 Mount Pleasant	Cocorico	Independent
13 Deadcats	Bad Pussy	Flying Saucer
14 Tijuana Bibles	Custom Made	Tear It Up
15 Pixies	s/t	Sonic Unyon
16 Gossip	Arkansas Heat	Kill Rock Stars
17 Heliocopters	High Visibility	Gearhead
18 DJ Spooky	Blue Series: Optometry	Thirsty Ear
19 Akufen	My Way	FIM
20 Three Inches of Blood	Battlecry Under...	Teenage Rampage
21 Herbaliser	Something Wicked...	Ninja Tune
22 Silksworm	Italian Platinum	Touch and Go
23 ELP	Fantastic Damage	Definitive Jux
24 Sonic Youth	Murray Street	DGC
25 People Under the Stars	OST	Om
26 Capricorns	In the Zone	Paroxym
27 Belle and Sebastian	Storytelling	Matador
28 Space Monkeyz VS. Gorillaz	Laika Come Home	EMI
29 Carolyn Mark	Terrible Hostess	Mint
30 DJ Shadow	Private Press	MCA
31 Various Artists	Paris Lounge 2	Wagram
32 Bratmobile	Girls Get Busy	Lookout!
33 Various Artists	Fields and Streams	Kill Rock Stars
34 Guided By Voices	Universal Cycles...	Matador
35 White Stripes	White Blood Cells	V2

August Short Vinyl

1 Get Hustle	Who Do You Love	Gravity
2 Cato Salsa...	Picture Disc	Emperor Norton
3 The Organ	We've Got to Meet	Genius
4 The Agenda	Are You Nervous?	Kindercore
5 The Chrome Yellow Co.	s/t	Northern Light
6 The Evaporators	Hank the Horn	Nardwuar
7 The Cleats	Save Yourself	Longshot
8 Scat Rag Boosters	Side Tracked	Zaxxon Virile Action
9 Riff Randells	How Bout Romance	Lipstick
10 Various Artists	Modern Radio...	Modern Radio
11 The Riffs	Such A Bore	TKO
12 The Lollies	Channel Heaven	Evil World
13 Mea Culpa	Corporate Nation	Empty
14 Gene Deacon	Baby Hallelujah	Modern Radio
15 Bottles & Skulls	I Am One	TKO
16 Mirah	Small Scale	k
17 Stereo/Ultimate	split	Popkid
18 The Spitfires	Juke Box High	Glazed
19 Destroyer	The Music Lovers	Sub Pop
20 Kung Fu Killers	s/t	TKO

Chris' Top 20 Life-Changing Releases (Chronologically)

1 Billy Joel	Glass Houses
2 Iron Maiden	Powerslave
3 Falco	Rock Me Amadeus 7"
4 Motley Crue	Shout At the Devil
5 Ramones	Rocket To Russia
6 Dayglo Abortions	Feed Us A Fetus
7 Suicidal Tendencies	Join The Army
8 Dead Kennedys	Bedtime For Democracy
9 Bangles	Different Light
10 Color Me Psycho	Pretend I'm Your Father
11 NoMeansNo	Wrong
12 Ice-T	Power
13 NWA	Straight Outta Compton
14 Ministry	Land of Rape and Honey
15 Muffs	New Love 7"
16 Specials	s/t
17 Bikini Kill/Huggy Bear	split 12"
18 Sleater-Kinney	Call The Doctor
19 Neko Case	The Virginian
20 Bangs	Tiger Beat

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "August" charts reflect airplay over July). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •

YES!

DISORDER ADVERTISING IS WORTH IT!

We distribute our monthly magazine all around the Lower Mainland, Victoria, Seattle, Bellingham, and Olympia and have a subscription base that spans the globe. We are also unbelievably cheap. Ring **Steve Dipo** to learn how you can join the party: **604.329.3865** <disorder@yahoo.com>

on the dial

your guide to CiTR 101.9fm



SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

3:00-5:00PM Real-cowhit-caughtin-yerboots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ

alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday.

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA 8:00-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

FILL-IN 10:00PM-12:00AM

TRANCEMANCE 12:00-2:00AM Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ

Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. <trancendance@hotmail.com>

BBC WORLD SERVICE 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM

Your favourite brownsters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD

alt. 11:00-1:00PM Local Mike and Local Dove bring you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

FILL-IN 3:00-4:00PM

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00-5:00PM

A chance for new CiTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

CRASH THE POSE alt. 6:00-7:30PM

Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-6:30PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

MY ASS alt. 6:30-7:30PM

Phelps, Albini, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-9:00PM

Original rude gals, skanksters, bad boys, big men, and sing-jays. Join Selector Krystabelle for raw roots, dub-fi and some heavy dancehall sounds.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-sure Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

August 5: In honour of alt saxophone master Phil Woods'

Vancouver Festival show (Aug. 10 at the Orpheum) we present a very special date from the mid-'50s that still sounds fresh.

August 12: Smooth Groove is a wonderful date by a forgotten jazz guitarist named Ray Crowford... once you hear this you won't forget him.

August 19: Above And Beyond by trumpet king Freddie Hubbard is, in his words, "my best playing on record." Live at the Keystone Korner.

August 26: Baritone saxophonist/composer/arranger Gerry Mulligan and one of the best big bands, The Concert Jazz Band recorded live in Paris.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM

Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES 8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deedle! then the most dangerous criminal! <borninixyline@hotmail.com>

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schmp to, hosted by Coran.

FILL-IN alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

BEATUP RONIN 1:00-2:00PM

Where deed samurai can program music.

CPR 2:00-3:30PM

Buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart! makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump...

LA BOMBA (first three Tuesdays of every month) 3:30-4:30PM

ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30PM

alt. Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a special focus on

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6AM										6AM
7	REGGAE LINKUP	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE						8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	HIGHBRED VOICES	FOOL'S PARADISE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED				9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM		PLANET LOVETRON	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE			THE SATURDAY EDGE	10
11				FILL-IN						11
12PM		GIRLFOOD	BLUE MONDAY	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS			GENERATION ANNIHILATION	12PM
1	ROCKERS SHOW	PARTS UNKNOWN	BEATUP RONIN	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW			POWERCHORD	1
2			CPR	RADIO FREE PRESS	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW	NECESSARY VOICES			CODE BLUE	2
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	FILL-IN	ELECTRIC AVENUES	MOTORDADDY	RHYMES & REASONS	NARDWUJAR PRESENTS			SOUL TREE	3
4	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS	MEAT EATING VEGAN	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HIP	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS				4
5	QUEER FM	WENER'S BARBEQUE	10,000 VOICES	FILL-IN	OUT FOR KICKS	AFRICAN RYTHMS				5
6		CRASH THE POSE	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR					6
7		REEL TO REEL		REPLICA REJECT						7
8		MY ASS								8
9	RHYTHMSINDIA	WIGFLUX RADIO	SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOME BASS			SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	9
10			VENUS FLYTRAP	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	WORLD HEAT	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD			FILL-IN	10
11	FILL-IN	THE JAZZ SHOW	SOUL SONIC WANDERLUST						THE RED EYE	11
12AM				HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR					EARWAX	12AM
1	BBC WORLD SERVICE	VENGEANCE IS MINE!		FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	BBC WORLD SERVICE			REGGAE LINKUP	1
2										2
3	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES								3
4										4
5										5
6										6

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop
Hk= Hans Kloss • Ki= Kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Mt= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk
Rg= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots • Sk= ska • So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wo= world

people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN

4:30-5:00PM

10:00AM VOICES 5:00-6:00PM

Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM

Up the punx, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, yo.

<http://flexyourhead.vancouver-hardcore.com/>

SALARIG MINIMO 8:00-10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

claveden@hotmail.com

SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt.10:00PM-12:00AM

Electro-acoustic-trip-dub-ethno-groove-ambientsoul-jazz-fusion and beyond! From the beach to Bombay via Brooklyn and back. The sounds of reality remixed. Smile. <sswanderlust@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM

Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! <suburbanjungle@channel8.com>

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM

Japanese music and talk.

FILL-IN 10:00AM-11:30PM

ANOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM

Zines are dead! Long live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM

"Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music. too. www.necessaryvoices.org.

Tune in Fridays at SPM for the Necessary Voices Lecture Series.

August 7: Stephen Lewis from UNIAIDS speaks on the importance of education and UN and Canadian shortcomings in international aid.

August 14: A show featuring the music of electronic artist Speedy J.

August 21: Mike Rupert (four parts) on the corruption of the Bush family. Mike Rupert is a former narcotics officer who, after discovering the CIA's involvement in the drug trade, became an investigative reporter.

August 28: Mike Rupert continued.

FILL-IN 6:30-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM

Indie, new wave, punk, and other noise.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM

Roots music for folkies and non-

folkies... bluegrass, singer-song-writers, worldbeat, alt country and more. Not a mirage!

<folkoasis@canada.com>

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM

Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungrol "Chokh de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder. Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funk.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM

Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM

Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RYTHMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

(On hiatus.)

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM

Viva la Velourist! DJ Helmer Hair and Chairbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! www.sustainablety.com/dinos/radio

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM

No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM

The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-styled host Gary Olsen. <ripthp55@aol.com>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM

Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11. <http://www.stepan-dishall.com/birdhell>

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-1:00AM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Daryl-an, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM

Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haitchc with guest DJs and performers. <http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM

Trawling the trash heap of over 30 years worth of red 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to <djska_1@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM

Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shock and Promo mix the underground hip

hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM

The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDWAAR THE HUMAN SERVIENTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM

NECESSARY VOICES LECTURE SERIES 5:00-6:00PM

August 9: Richard Bocking speaks on the perils of genetically modified foods.

August 16: Dr. Vandana Shiva speaks on the global water trade.

August 23: Mike Rupert continued.

August 30: Mike Rupert continued.

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMERUS 9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Naah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 2:00-4:00AM

SATURDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 4:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8-9AM: African/World roots.

9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNILHILATION 12:00-1:00PM

Tune in for a full hour of old and new punk and Oi mayhem!

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rathehead, Dravin, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-6:00PM

From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the degree.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 9:00-11:00PM

FILL-IN 11:00PM-1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM

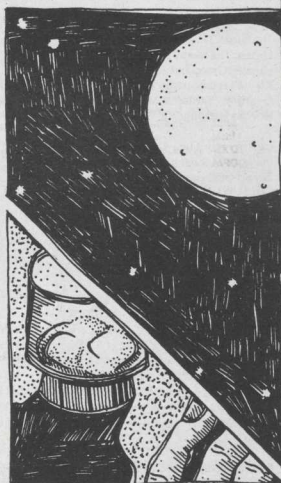
"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem heads rock inna junglist moshup/distort da source full force with neediz on wax/my choos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.

—Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B. *

Kick around August 2002 S. Rylin



www.citr.ca

datebook



what's happening in August



SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE, THE DEADLINE IS AUGUST 26. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

FRIDAY AUGUST 2

The Secret Three (record release)@Sugar Refinery (early show); The Locust, The Blood Brothers, Arab on Radar, Lightning Bolt, The Get Hustle@Graceland (All-ages, Seattle); Lucky Dube@Commodore; Kit Clayton, Mitchell Akiyama@Video In; Beck@Moore (Seattle); Indians@Mariners; Exploding Cinema w/ Mike Hoolboom@Blinding Light!!

SAT 3

Destroyer, The Battles@Pat's Pub (403 East Hastings); Indians@Mariners; The Notes from Underground, The Gay & Space Hump'n@Blinding Light!!; Mr. Rumble, U Tern@Robson Square; City Planners@Grandview Auditorium

SUN 4

Reggae Night@Raglan's; Kinski, Beans, Jazz for Robots@St. Andrews Wesley Church; De La Soul, The Flaming Lips@Summer Nights at the Pier (Seattle); Indians@Mariners; Bookmobile: The North American Tour@Blinding Light!!

MON 5

John Hiatt@Commodore; OK Go, The Vines@Richard's

TUES 6

Rise Against@Croation Cultural Centre; Archer Prewitt@Crocodile (Seattle); Dokken, Firehouse, Ratt, Warrant@Showbox (Seattle); Mariners@Exhibition; Maldoror@Blinding Light!!

WED 7

Spreadeagle, Countache, The Patients, Hate Mail Express@Ms. T's; Jon Auer, Kevin Kane@Railway; Luther Wright and the Wrongs@Richard's; Mariners@Exhibition; Maldoror@Blinding Light!!

THUR 8

Slick 60@Richard's; Orquesta Goma Dura@Commodore; Amon Tobin, FCS North@EMP (Seattle); Mariners@Exhibition; Maldoror@Blinding Light!!

FRI 9

Dance Party Party, Triple Word Score@Ms. T's; Big John Bates, Naked and Shameless@Railway; Rascalz@Commodore; Captured By Robots, Pleaseasaur@Sit and Spin (Seattle); Mariners@Old Comiskey; Burning Man Rev Up@Blinding Light!!

SAT 10

Clover Honey, The Polys, Shrimpmeat@Silverstone Tavern; Blackalicious@604 Hip Hop Expo; Nora Jones@Sonar; Mariners@Comiskey; Mother of Pearl@St. James Community Sq.; Blinding Light!!; Unplugged: 4th Anniversary Party@Blinding Light!!

SUN 11

Alicia Keys, Donnell Jones@GM Place; Reggae Night@Raglan's; Mariners@Comiskey; Under the Volcano: Leonard George, The Derby, Lost Tribes of the Sun, Nechiwagan, Ache Brazil, Company of Prophets, Flying Folk Army, Warsawpack, Molotov Mouths, Sphinx, Earth on Fire, Sailani Sharma, The Fierce Folk Revolution, Wade Compton, Eye-dentity, Che: Chapter 127, The Stunts, Kathara Collective@Cates Park; Ann and Joel's Wedding

MON 12

Bearded Lady@Sugar Refinery; Sylvie@Mesa Luna

TUES 13

Múm@Richard's; Red Sox@Mariners

WED 14

David Lindley, Wally Ingram@Richard's; Angelique Kidjo, Corey Harris@Commodore; The Makers@Pic Pub; Sylvie, The Perns@Brickyard; Red Sox@Mariners; 2001: A Space Odyssey@Blinding Light!!

THUR 15

DJ ?uestlove, Ursula Ruckers@Purple Onion; Andy White@Railway; Red Sox@Mariners; Hard Drive w/ John Zerzan@Blinding Light!!

FRI 16

The Search for Animal Chin, STREETS@Blinding Light!!; Facefest, FacePlant's 10th Anniversary@Anza Club; Steve Riley and the Mamou Playboys@The Royal; Bottleneck, Tennessee Twin@Railway; Rye Coalition, Golden@Graceland (Seattle); Tween@Commodore; Yankees@Mariners; Search for Animal Chin w/STREETS@Blinding Light!!

SAT 17

Sanné Lambert, Salmon Arm@Ms. T's; Dave Alvin and the Guilty Men@The Royal; Cornelius@Richard's; Bovephi King@Railway; Yankees@Mariners; In the Sandbox w/John Zerzan@Blinding Light!!

SUN 18

Little Feat, Stephen Bruton@Commodore; Deke Dickerson and the Eco Fonics@Marine Club; Reggae Night@Raglan's; Moby, Azure Ray, Dirty Vegas@Plaza of Nations; Yankees@Mariners; Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story@Blinding Light!!

MON 19

Misfits@Commodore; Leftover Salmon, Standing Wave@Richard's; Mariners@Tiger

TUES 20

Shaggy@Plaza of Nations; Mariners@Tiger; Japanese Avant Garde w/ Ian Toews@Blinding Light!!

WED 21

Mariners@Tiger; Landscape and Interference w/Ian Toews@Blinding Light!!

THUR 22

Mariners@Tiger; BYO8@Blinding Light!!

FRI 23

Colorifics, Blackfeather@Railway; Retrograde, Unwritten Law@Snow Jam; Mariners@Cleveland; Strain Andromeda The (sic)@Blinding Light!!

SAT 24

Mof's 4-0 w/ Shrimpmeat and guests@Ms. T's; David P Smith, Buttless Chaps@Railway; Michael Gira, Sufering and the Hideous Thieves@Tractor (Seattle); Dropkick Murphys, Closure, Honeysuckle Serentina, Moka Only, Pennywise, Swollen Members, The Kickovers@Snow Jam; Mariners@Cleveland; The Precious Fathers, The Eyelickers@Blinding Light!!

SUN 25

Mariners@Cleveland; Reggae Night@Raglan's; The Human Highway@Blinding Light!!

MON 26

MLB goes on strike. Maybe. No World Series. One more month until NHL hockey starts up again, thank Christ.

TUES 27

Mariners@Metrodome; Radical Mavericks@Blinding Light!!

WED 28

Hot Snakes, Beehive and the Barricadas@Richard's; Mariners@HHH Metrodome; The Man With A Movie Camera@Blinding Light!!

THUR 29

Morrissey@Commodore; Cherry Valence@Pic Pub; Maceo Parker@Richard's; Mariners@HHH Metrodome; Christianity, You Have My Heart & Safe Haven@Blinding Light!!

FRI 30

Jack Tripper, Hissy Fit@Railway; Wyckd Jean, Nappy Roots and 4th Avenue Jones; Peter Parker, The Gossip, The Pattern, 764-Hero, The Itals, Kristin Hersh@Bumbershoot (Seattle); Royals@Mariners; Anti Queer Films: 1950-1990@Blinding Light!!

special events

ROLLERBOOGIE

On Friday, August 30 there will be an all-night roller skate party at the Stardust Roller Rink in Surrey, midnight until 6AM. Shuttle buses will be on the case. Check out www.cinemuerite.com or call 604.708.3519 for more information.

THE SEARCH FOR ANIMAL CHIN VS. STREETS

Look, if you have to choose, you should skate rather than die. Do an acid drop instead of dropping acid and bet on the Bones Brigade over STREETS. Not that it's a contest. It'll be a party, after they show *Animal Chin* at the Blinding Light!! on Friday, August 16. STREETS will play live. I met Animal Chin. you know. He was very friendly and chinese.

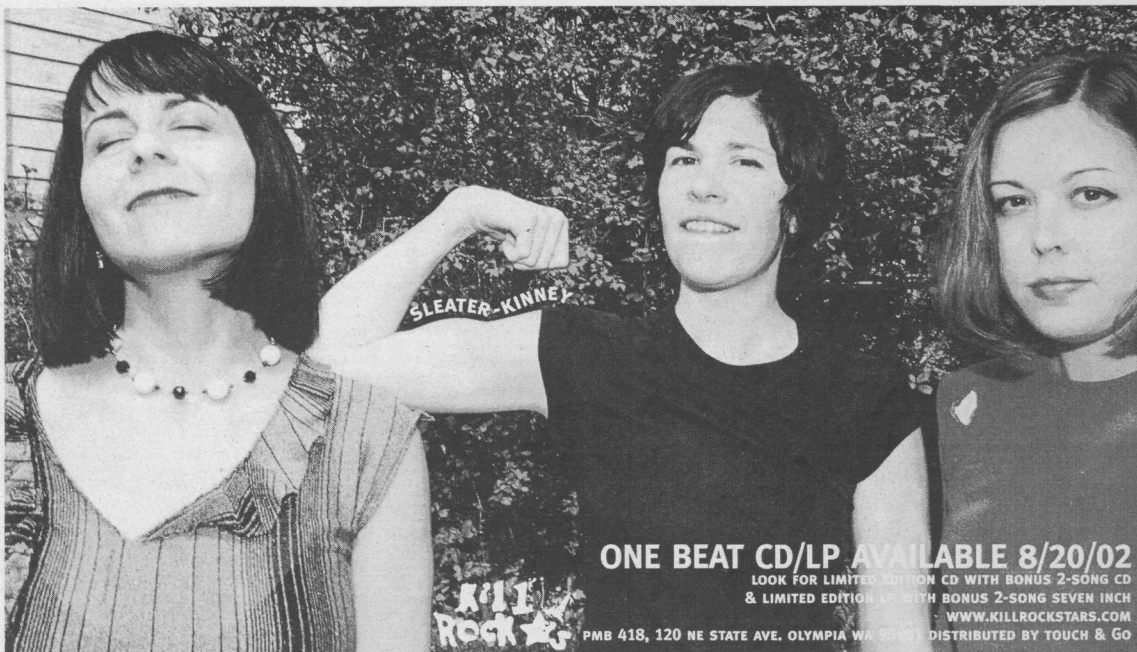
NEW FORMS FESTIVAL

Kit Clayton, Sue Costabile, Mitchell Akiyama, Ben Neville, Mr. Rumble, U Tern, tobias, the Beans (featuring visuals by our own kickaround artist Scott Malin), Kinski, Sweatshop Union, City Planners, Jazz for Robots, and many more at various venues, August 1-4.
www.newformsfestival.com

places to be

basstr records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734
beatstreet records	3-712 robson	604.683.3344
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828
blinding light!! cinema	36 powell	604.878.3366
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959
chan centre	6265 crescent	604.822.9197
club 23	23 west cordova	
cobalt	917 main	604.685.2825
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550
crossdown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964
lotus hotel	455 abbott	
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555
mesa luna	1926 w. broadway	
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender	
orphan theatre	smithie at seymour	604.665.3050
pacific cinemathèque	121 howe	604.688.8202

pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
railway club	579 dunsmuir	604.681.1625
richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.5311
red cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
scratch records	725 richards	604.687.6355
sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
teenage ramapage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsmuir	604.665.3050
video in studios	1965 main	604.872.9337
western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
wett bar	1320 richards	604.662.7707
WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232



Local Music Directory!

Our annual directory, chock full of contact numbers and addresses of bands and the people and businesses that support them, will be in the September issue. The deadline for entries is August 15, 2002

Send your vital statistics in by fax or email:
604.822.9364
discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca

CIRCLE ONE:

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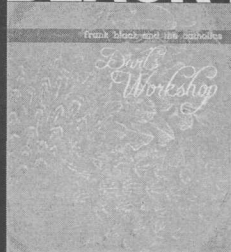
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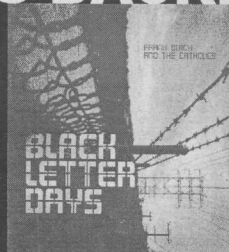
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BLACK IS BACK.



Frank Black & The Catholics
Devil's Workshop
SUNCD082-2



Frank Black & The Catholics
Black Letter Days
SUNCD081-2

Frank and his Catholics recorded so much damn great music they asked if we could put out two new records. How could we say no?

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Dale Morningstar

I Grew Up On Sodom Road SUNCD079

From out of the Gas Station comes a new solo record by the Chippawa Cowboy, Dale Morningstar.

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summer wind, the wind of change

P:ANO When It's Dark and It's Summer CD

Attention indie rockers: don't let this local outfit's understated slow-pop escape your attention. Sure, **When It's Dark...** might sound dull to lazy ears but given the attention it deserves, P:ANO's debut album reveals itself as a gloriously subtle, prodigiously accomplished classic in waiting that evokes a startling range of ideas and emotions. Packed with memorable tunes, imaginatively arranged and beautifully recorded this is an impressive debut release from the Hive FI imprint - a label that seems set to take the North Western Scar-Rock aesthetic to a world that doesn't yet know how lucky it is. Features appearances by **Veda Hille** and members of **Jerk With a Bomb**, **Radiogram** and **The Beans**.

CD 12.98

ROOTS MANUVA Dub Come Save Me CD

Normally a remix of his acclaimed album **Run Come Save Me**, **Root Manuva's** latest release is, in fact, a vast improvement on anything the UK's premier (only?) rap icon has produced thus far. An invigorating mixture of abstract hip-hop, digital reggae and laptop tinkering, **Dub Come Save Me** manages to encompass everything that has been good about British music and society in the last decade (including the **Super Furry Animals**). Britannia waives the rules, old chap.

CD 16.98

Various SURVIVE AND ADVANCE VOLUME 1 CD

Music for interventions... I admit I was curious. At the book store, leafing through a copy of some "worse case scenario" chapbook, I skimmed the index looking for a solution to my rash of sonic deliriums - but sadly, no relief presented itself. I knew the contours of this darkness intimately. No amount of hope waned could summon a new tune to the horizon, and so I became remote. Luckily, my intervention came at the hands of Merge Records: salvation from **Destroyer**, **Gothic Archies**, **Imperial Teen**, **Radar Brothers**, **East River Pipe**, **Lambchop**, **Porkstastic**, **Crooked Fingers**, **Ladybug Transistor**, and others. **Survive and Advance!**

CD 9.98

ALEJANDRO ESCOVEDO By The Hand Of The Father CD

Well known in this neck of the woods, **Alejandro's** brand of Americana road songs has earned him a reputation for amazing intimate live performances. The ever-charismatic storyteller entertained local audiences just last month, giving them a sneak preview of his recent recordings for this theater project. These aren't heady compositions; just a group of songs bound by a united theme, cast and story - and in the typical **Escovedo** voice, incredibly compelling! We've had many requests for this title; we did what we could. Hope you like it.

CD 19.98

VEDA HILLE Auditorium CD

You know, **VEDA HILLE** is a pro. It's only too bad she'll probably have to wait for her retirement years before the Vancouver City Council smartly renames a street after her. Oh well, they'll catch up, and they should. Her **Jane Siberry** mixed with **Tom Waits** (or is that **Sandy Denny** and **Tim/Jeff Buckley**) songs are so completely competent and full of ideas that, well, we can do little more than happily shake her hand and exclaim, "Great work, **Veda**, keep it coming!" And this recording captures what some feel is the ultimate test of any performer: live performance. Or, in this case, two of them, actually, both recorded at the always-lovely "wooden box," the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. As they say, it's "all good." Now, to whom do we send our "**Veda Hille** Boulevard" petition?

CD 16.98

PEGGY LEE Songs From The Big House CD

The noir aesthetic - typically conjuring visions of overwhelmed detectives, worn down by the cynicism of crime and the complexity of vast urban sprawl - is in fact something ether, something indelible of any specific genre. Although, like a virus, it always needs a host to inhabit, the detective genre is only one of many. **Songs From The Big House** (coincidentally, older slang for jail?) seems imbued with the dark spirit of noir. Not as a possible soundtrack, or as 50s cliché, but as noir itself. There's a narrative continuity to this recording, an arc, a subtext of anxiety. It has humility, a thickness, weighed down by a heavy midnight sun. The big band is well used, the songs advanced, the playing sophisticated, and like all good noir, it burns slowly beneath the surface with a heat that could set fire to the world. Recommended.

CD 16.98

AUTECHRE Gantz Graf CDEP/12"

We tend not to throw the term "Bad Boys" around. When we say it, we like to mean it. To us, it has a kind of metaphysical potency, an Absolute-ness (although, to be honest, we're also joking - we'd never succumb to that Idealist dead end). However, **Autechre** receive the title completely. For example, it seems like their past few releases could've been alternatively named, "Fuck You," "Fuck Off," and "Go to Fucking Hell." What we mean is that each one has been a challenge to listeners, to critics, and to the tradition they've clearly disrespecting. Musically speaking, the latest EP could've been fairly called, "Fuck This - We Fucking Mean It!" It's good, and it's also unexpected - there's singing (no really, listen for it!) Plus, there's a DVD with some pretty impressive art work. So turn the laptop off, pal, and come on over.

CDEP/12" 12.98



THE SECRET THREE Northern & Industrial CDEP

Nights for rambling need no invitation. You walk on through the corridors of the city's abandoned warehouse district. During blue-collar hours these streets are animated with the sparks of machinery, but now under the magical dusk, a cool, welcoming air hangs. When will the street rats come out and play stick-ball? You continue until you come across a suitable partner for dialogue: an enormous elephant that shows its wear; the elements have transformed this discarded film prop. When questioned, its replies take the form of music - light, lyrical passages of guitar, bass and batteria, offset by near-imperceptible organ tones and vibes. Clearly, the elephant has sway with **The Secret Three!** Matching the meditative sensibilities of **Bedhead** with the jazzier elements of mid-period **Sea and Cake**, Northern & Industrial is a handsome debut from these Sugar Refinery regulars. Go forth and take the magical dusk!

CDEP 9.98

HOMESICK VANCOUVER MAGAZINE

A magazine? Yes, a magazine, a beautiful art magazine. Aven, with photography, drawings, and a multimedia CD. You see, we're at the point in history where we should give up completely the lines that keep the different arts in place (and here we ARE suggesting that pop music, in this genre or that, is art, full on - why not?). Not just ideas, these lines are based in part in geography and architecture, too: this boutique, this neighborhood - art; that store, that neighborhood - pop music. Well hell, we don't think so. Certainly this doesn't represent the lifestyle or interests of anyone we know. And so, **HOMESICK VANCOUVER**, featuring new work by **Mia Thomsett**, **Chris Gergely**, **Amy Lockheart**, and more. Come check out the new moves by a new wave of local artists. First in a series! Limited, hand-numbered edition! Also, don't forget, Zulu's own corner gallery - we do what we can.

16.98

THE ZULU GUIDE: This Month, LATE NIGHT SOUNDS! Three mellow, dance-friendly listens for what comes after the dinner parties... (orgies, a nap?).

Guidance Hi-Fidelity House Vol 4

The newest installment in this ever-popular smooth groove series - features the newest soulful groove producers!

CD 19.98

Slinky Planet Tokyo Japan 2CD

This double disc is your first class passage to Tokyo's jet-set club culture. A heavy head-trip!

2CD 32.98

Head Kandi

Beach House 2 2CD

Welcome back the return of one of the finer removers infused with a double shot of the late night spirit and sensual house.

2CD 29.98



THE NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND s/t CD

C'mon, let's take a long, cold just turn outta the hot city traffic and keep drivin' 'til there way outside of town.

Alright...now picture the New York talkin' blues of **Lou Reed**, combined with the cool mystery of **R.E.M.**, circa **Murmur**. Mix in a bit of all-over-the-place rockiness of the **Pixies**, alternated with the quieter moments of **Sonic Youth**. Add in a respect for the history of rock 'n' roll that rivals **Lenny Kaye** in its fervor, and you've got yourself this...self-titled debut album by Vancouver's live crazy horses, **The Notes From Underground**.

CD 12.98

WEIRD WAR s/t CD/LP

There's a Twilight Zone episode where a famous rock guitarist falls into a funhouse mirror at the peak of his career. He enters what seems to be a fantasy world where rock is fully domesticated. The guitarist, based on **Duane Allman**, is made to change his loose, soulful style to accommodate the marketplace: from rootsy to L.A. studio slick. This sad situation stymies rock; it becomes shallow, diminutive and professional - hardly worthy of the name. But there's a twist: by falling into the mirror, the guitar player actually fell out of time, becoming a hapless observer to the wicked course of history. With this discovery, he manages to break the mirror and reenter the real world - only forty years later! Thus, having learned a valuable lesson, he picks up his guitar again to help lift rock from its doldrums. Well, we made all that up, of course. But what is real is **Weird War**, the hot new project featuring **Ian Svenonius** and **Neil Michael Hagerly**. That's right, this is no Twilight Zone, **The Make Up** meets **Royal Trux**. Oh yes, uh huh - rock music, rock music, rock music. AVAILABLE AUGUST 4TH

CD/LP 19.98

OTHER STUFF TO WET THE BED:

- OST- **CQ C Coppola's (Roman)** debut soundtrack - Italian 60's pop.
- Bugsuck! & The Big White Cloud CD** Songs for humpbacks!
- Blood Meridian-s/t CD** Matt Camirand (ex-Black Flag) debut solo effort.
- DJ Jazzy Jeff-The Magnificent CD/CD/LP** The best.
- Jawbreaker- Etc CD/2LP** Odds and Sods
- B. Fleischmann-Tmp CD** More of the Moment!
- Red Light Sting- Our Love is Soaking... Cdepl/12"**
- The Stogees-s/t and Fun House LP** Re-issued!!
- Radiac- Rec. Extern CD/LP** New signing to Thrill Jockey!
- RJD2- Dead Ringer CD/LP** New Def Jux, better than Shadows!
- American Death Ray Music- Smash Radio Hits CD**
- Gogogo Airheart- Exituxa CD**
- Various- Electroclash 2CD**



MUSIC IN THE AFTERNOON: Free Performances/Ambience at Zulu!

August 3rd at 4PM

Mitchell Akiyama (Substratif) Here as a guest of the New Forms Festival, Montreal resident **Mitchell** is a cohort of **Tim Hecker** and will be glitch rocking the new minimal techno aesthetic!

August 4th at 4PM

The Secret Three (Hive FI)

Plus Opening of 3 TTTS new work by S.P. Etmann

August 11th at 4PM

P:ano (Hive FI) Songs to do your ironing to... P:ano stop by to gets the kinks out before a tour with **Jerk With a Bomb!**



Zulu Records
1972-1976 W 4th Ave
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www.zulurecords.com

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